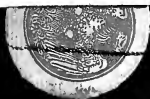


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On Wings of Joy



On Wings of Joy

AND

Other Poems

BY

MARY McDERMOTT SANTLEY

11

Every man who has a Christian ideal of life finds, as it grows with his experience, that he is driven in upon his own soul more and more imperatively. Secret resources become more and more necessary to him. Conceptions of truth grow up within him which the soul must develop alone. . . . Such men must meet Christ in the solitary places. They have no adequate resources elsewhere.

Austin Phelps.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

HORACE CARR

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MARY McDERMOTT SANTLEY



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Inscription

With loving consideration
the author presents this book to one
who ever radiates good feeling and scatters bits
of quaint humor which fall quietly and refreshingly
like petals of old-fashioned flowers—
to her sister Kate—

MRS. WILLIAM DOUNTON, JR.
of Philadelphia

Contents

	PAGE
Prefatory Note	11
On Wings of Joy to Thee	15
The Ship of Blessing	17
Poesy	18
Indices	19
Beauty	20
At Close of Day	22
Gracious and Wondrous Ways	23
Infinitude of Love	23
Our Home	24
The Father's Bread	24
Mount of Thought	25
Not by Bread Alone	26
Roses	26
The Message	27
The Sea	28
The Siren Sea	30
Dreaming and Blossoming Sea	32
The Little Ocean Eagle	34
The Welcome	35
Overcoming	36
His Great Book of Honor	38
With Him is Home	39
Crown Jewels	40
The Mystery of the Snow	41
Enthroning the Day	42
Worship	43
El-i-she-ba	44
Love	45
The Secret Place	46
Light	46

	PAGE
Lincoln	47
Glad are the Harps	48
I Have Redeemed Thee	49
Gratitude	50
Morning	50
At the Old Homestead	50
I'm Dreaming To-night	51
Mother's Garden	52
Father's Sunset Dream	54
To Marie	55
Jennie	56
For Kate	57
The Haven	58
Lilacs	60
Little Wildflower	61
Springtime	62
White Violets	63
June	64
The Zenith of the Year	65
Vesper	66
Memory	67
Marigolds and Pansies	69
Shining, they Sing	69
The Lady of the Beeches	70
Ho, for the Forest	72
Clara Louise Schneider	73
To Mrs. Van Derweel	73
Autumn	74
Morning-Glories	75
The Bells of Cruces	77
Three Vagabonds—We	79
Frances Willard	83
My Rose	84
Palms	86
Mary Evelyn	87
An Elect Lady	89
In Memoriam	90

	PAGE
Song of the Old Guard	91
In the Presence of Niagara	92
Deliverance and Thanksgiving	94
The Victor's Voice	95
The Bow of Peace	96
Olive's Garden	97
At Olive's Foot	98
Easter Morning	99
Easter Anthem	100
The Lilies	100
Set Free	101
The Little Blue Violet	101
Easter	102
Thoughts of Easter-Dawn	102
Ascension Day	103
His Brightness	104
The Precious Paths	105
To J. Semon	106
The Violet	107
February 22, 1904	108
1912	109
To the Master of Wind Hill, 1915	110
February, 1918	111
1919	112
The Soaring Years	113
Merry Christmas	114
Morning Prayer—Christmas Day	116
Familiar—Dear	117
Christmas	118
1916	124
1917	124
1918	125
Acknowledging Him	126
Nanette	128
Symbols	139
Immediate Perception	141

On Wings of Joy

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

From Tennyson's *Ulysses*.

Prefatory Note

In my early girlhood's home—at Whitby, Canada West, now Ontario—the family was trained to frown upon the frivolous, and to show appreciation by following that which had sterling worth and was expressed by serious words and actions.

The only work of fiction admitted to that early home was Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which with its heart-cry for Justice and Freedom had opened the door. In the evening, with the family seated around the ample table, Father read the book aloud; the intent listeners being at times moved to tears.

In my sixteenth year I had nine months of admirable drill in Milton's poems—especial attention being given to *Paradise Lost*, the *Mask of Comus*, the *Sonnets* and *Odes*, then followed a studious reading of Thomson's *Seasons*, Young's *Night Thoughts* and Cowper's *Task*; this done, what wonder the trivial had no allurements.

I loved poetry and by and by came face to face with Shakespeare's understanding of world-wide human nature; and increasingly to marvel at his scintillating genius. But Tennyson, the Poet of Vision, holds my affections. I love to be in the regions where he lived "continually and consciously in the presence of immortal thoughts and convictions." I love to feel at home in his pastures rich in flowers of thought, and to catch the echoes from his organ-rhythms and follow the longings

to search with him for vistas into the empyrean fields. His companionship is enriching to the soul.

In college, Astronomy fostered my natural taste for the sublime, and kindled a longing for illuminated thought and ability to push out into wider areas of space; while Botany made my heart glad with a love for beautiful Nature; and proved to be the vestibule through which I entered the temples of the forest, wherein I was to feel an all-pervasive Creative Presence. In these beautiful aisles I encountered the armies of lofty Beeches—Glorious Beeches! each one a picturesque poem.

The Bible has been my great reservoir of Wisdom; my most regal comfort the realization of the presence of the Christ—the sweet and mellow radiance of Light that has made of my paths delightful ways; the Light that has brought visions of the ever-presence of the tender, almighty Father, and hence the riches of a surety of peace.

Through the years my convictions and heart-approvals have found expression in verse—a simple overflow from the springs in my heart—which now is embodied in the volume "On Wings of Joy," and I come to say: Dear Little Book, go on your way, in the modest paths of life, and I pray that you may be a quiet joy to any plain, honest people who like you because they love sound principles coupled with sweetness of spirit and put into active service in the field of motives.

MARY McDERMOTT SANTLEY.

On Wings of Joy





On Wings of Joy to Thee

The forests tower high and breathe a spirit-psalm,
And glorious clouds adorn the vast blue sea of calm.
Most rev'rently I praise all that surroundeth me,
And lift my thought, dear Lord, on wings of joy to
Thee.

No vagrant thought I heed; all from the heights I view
Merging from fields of search the laws of Wisdom,
true.

How precious all Thy gifts! The warbling song of bird
Amidst the palms or cypress tops in praises heard;
And far on Alpine heights, and where wild surges
break,
Glad songsters on high wing Thy gracious blessings
take.

Thou madest heart of man by Thine own power divine,
With yearnings true, to chord in unison with Thine.

How comforting Thy care, abundant joy for all!
Each humblest child is known, and Love his name doth
call!

The moss and grasses green clothe all the rugged way,
White violets fragrant bloom, and stately lilies sway,
And flashing waterfalls sing of refreshing grace;
Almost each little one may see Thee face to face.

E'en in the desert waste, o'erarched with glist'ning
white,

Thy servant lifteth unto Thee a song of light—
Light shadowed by Thine own most precious Presence-
cloud;

At evening, in his tent, he praiseth Thee aloud;
Lips taste Thy cups of dew, and slumber's feet draw
near;

While holy trust and night, all-silently, appear.

O wonderful, Thy plan that all should know the Lord!
Each lowly heart be thrilled by Thy indwelling Word;
The kindling eye be beautiful, from inward grace;
The light of Love a glory, shining o'er the face.
In helpful ministry the feet run swift and glad,
And gracious hands may bring sweet comforts to the
sad;

And I may bring Thee Roses—fragrant of Victory—
Bring my sweet gift, and come on wings of joy to
Thee!

The Ship of Blessing

O ship, that glidest o'er the sea!
The far blue sea of time,
In calm, through storm, thou movest on
To ev'ry shore and clime.

Dark falleth, but thou heedest not;
To thee there is no night.
From waters' floor to turret high,
Thou sailest, filled with Light.

Thy thousand windows smile serene,
And balmy twilight air,
From out the vast eternal sky
Speeds thee with promise fair.

Thou glorious ship! thou bearest Joy,
The precious flower of Light;
Broadcast thou spillest radiant blooms;
O heart, there is no night!

Poesy

Poesy, thou compelling art!
In putting forth the truth a moving power,
Fetching the intellect and heart:
Grim philosophy is like winsome flower,
Attended by sweet-brier and box.

Rare music blossoms from thy root;
List! the far hymning of an organ prayer!
And on the moor the shepherd's flute!
O Poesy! thou gracious songstress fair,
Thy hymns divine are harmony!

Immortal Goddess! Violet-crowned,
And rare unfading laurel on thy brow,
More often than elsewhere, is found!
Thou underliest vital friendship's vow;
Art wine of precious constancy;
Art rev'rent breath of inspiration, now,
From corridors of Wisdom sent!

Indices

Nov. 5, 1848—Dec. 19, 1883

Our loves are indices.
I had a sister; her soul was beautiful
Like the valley lilies
She watered tenderly, and loved and wore.
Her thought was sterling worth
Expressed in animated loveliness;
Her service regal grace;
Nor took she note of it as sacrifice,
E'en in lowliest office.

More precious than all lilies the two babes
Placed within the arms of her solicitude.
Inextricably her fingers clung to them;
And so her clinging thought was.
About her heart-strings love entwined them
'Till night came forward in silent sandals
And the summons-angel touched the harp;
And chords forgot to vibrate, fingers to hold.
How she loved them!
Sterling worth and tender grace,
The lilies and her little ones.

Beauty

Dear Lord, Thy world is beautiful
 'Tis pure and wide and sweet,
Its hills are fine, its meads are fair;
 Here strength and beauty meet.

One morn I watched the dawning come
 Soft stepping out of night;
A quiet ripple on the Sound,
 Touched here and there with light.

The mountain's majesty sublime,
 Wrapped in a cloud of mist;
The vapor veiled the tow'ring head;
 By it the feet were kist.

And then the gray awoke with joy,
 The mists were crimson-red;
The Bay a sheet of crimson lay;
 The mists and it were wed;

The texture, in its warp and woof,
 Ethereal, remote;
A sound of breath, a touch, a stir,
 Naught would be there to note.

A daring lark now burst in song
 And winged its skyward way;
The crimson 'bashed forgot its hue
 And morn was azure-gray.

I climbed the mount in very joy,
The sound lay far below,
A moving web of humming birds
In iridescent glow.

I stood upon the crest's high floor,
Lo, breath of song stood still.
A bed of violets was spread
Near crags upon that hill.

A mass of royal beauty, pearled
With shining tears of dew,
Smiled up to me their wealth of thoughts,
Dear violets in blue.

In rev'rent thought, I stood, dear Lord,
Touched with their preciousness;
Of all that lavish morning's wealth
These chiefest were to bless.

A high and far-receding sky;
A mighty peak alone;
From awesomeness the place took on
The tender warmth of home.

Nothing, in all Thy nature-world,
Such nearness seems to have,
Such modesty, such sweetness, grace,
Such wealth of precious love.

Their hearts, their faces, touch our own
In innocent appeal,
And that their gift to bless, with ours,
Comes from one Source, we feel.

How wide Thy mercies are, dear Lord,
Thy balanced beauty shows ;
No spot of earth, else lone or drear,
But there a violet grows.

At Close of Day

In patrician woods, where violets sweet
And the bluest beeches grow,
When summer winds in balmy flight
Wake lyrics soft and low,
And the waning light in farthest west,
Sends back a crimson glow,
A pulsing kiss for flower and leaf,
Ere it fade to gray, and go :

Then sylvan sprites, in purpling green,
Their mystic secrets bring,
And the hallowed hour a fragrance seems,
While fancy plumes her wing,
And the ev'ning dreams, in quiet note,
And tender memories cling :
Then mellow bells from far-off hills
With new-born hope a-swing.

Gracious and Wondrous Ways

Gracious and wondrous are the ways
Of Him who layeth the beams of morning,
Who ascendeth the arc of the heavens
To the noontide of the sun,
Who leadeth to the still shores
Where the sunset maketh its home,
And uplifteth its banners of purple and gold,
Ere the world ent'reth its hour of meditation;
And all through the silent night-time
His beautiful chariot goeth.
From day unto dayspring again
An All-Power guideth, upholdeth,
And that All-Power is Love.

Infinitude of Love

Love faileth not, it radiates
With Truth in channels wide
In ev'ry longing human breast
It waiteth to abide.

It hath no boundaries of time—
Eternity its home;
Its space no tow'ring walls confine—
The universe its home;

No sweeter heaven can there be
Than restfulness in Love
'Tis grace and glory unto each
All other states above.

Our Home

The golden beech and cedar tree,
The lily and the rose,
The all-o'ershadowing azure dome—
Each gift Thou dost dispose
Where it may best reflect Thy thought
And make of Thy vast universe
A home without a tear;
Truth's changeless law the corner-stone
And Love the atmosphere.

Here children walking with the Christ
Learn, while they serve, to sing,
And day by day to nobly strive
For stature like their King.

The Father's Bread

Oh, sweet, my Father, is the bread
Thy children have from Thee;
'Tis health, and life, and thought, and love,
And Truth, and keeps us free.

Mount of Thought

In the beautiful land of thought I roam,
And the far away seems the nearest home,
For the rugged path up the mountain side
Winds, in its leadings, to visions wide;
And veils are lifted and all that is fair
And sweet hushes the soul with message rare.

And a constant overflowing of thought
From eternal fountains, refreshing, brought,
Reveals hills and vales, all forests and streams,
The rose of dawning and the moonlight's beams,
The driven storm and the cleansing shower,
The song of birds in the floral bower;
All, in radiant life of loveliness
Divine law and order and light express.

And I look and startle at what I see!
How barren, how blank, all this would be
Did not God make man to vision His thought,
Reflect the divine in His work inwrought.
O marvelous gift from Infinite Mind!
Understanding vision in man to find.
On this Mount of thought home is wondrous fair,
For light and beauty and the Christ are there.

Not by Bread Alone

The streets were winding and dark and narrow,
Where her home-nest was tucked away,
Hidden within the dusky shadow,
Scarce knowing the sunshine of day;
But when e'er she bought her measure of meal,
Blush roses she added in cluster.

She passed many years that were winters,
But summer alone reigned a Queen
In all the domain of her being.
Her smile was sweet, and the vivid sheen
Of the eyes that had looked upon sorrow,
In jubilant air of victory sang;
The joy in them flashed and fairly rang;
For the Word—His Presence—was with her.

Roses

Roses, my roses—
And 'tis all my heart can sing,
For are not you just—Roses!
And no dear delightful thing
One-half your sweets discloses.

O rare, my Roses!
Your chalices o'erflowing
With bouquet of precious wine
Pour out a soul-communing
In accord with heart of mine;
Stately poising in your bowers,
In the cloud of fragrance caught,
You reign Empresses of flowers,
Fairest blossoming of thought.

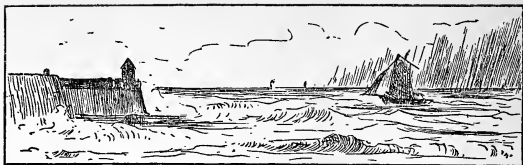
The Message

A blossom that grew in my garden, dear,
I bring to you ere the day closes;
'Tis satin and pink to the heart of it, dear,
This sweetest of all the blush roses,—
Precious the message unfolded, my dear,
When its mission to you it discloses.

The petals were covered last night, my dear,
With the dew in a jewelled shower;
Now the purity, fragrance are thine, my dear,
For a precious but fast-fleeting hour;
Lift your eyes to the Steadfast Hills, my dear,
See, the roses ne'er fade in Love's bower.

For substance of flower, of joy, my dear,
Of man—God's child,—and immortal,
Is the thought supreme of Mind, my dear,
Out-sent from the morning's portal
When the worlds were framed, and the stars, my dear,
Sang that wonderful song immortal.

God's thought took form in command, my dear,
And the mandates of Spirit change never—
All the fragrance and color and form, my dear,
Sweet, brilliant and true, stand forever;
To search for His law is true wisdom, dear,
For immutable truth faileth never.



The Sea

All glorious, and blue and wide,
In majesty the sea
Sweeps on and on in mystic tide,
As to eternity.

Its voice the grandest organ-swells
That thunder in the ear ;
Its wave a mighty Hand propels
From far, and far, and near.

O sounding Sea ! what is the song
Thou pourest in a roar ?
From deep to deep it plows along
In furrows to the shore ;
In all-repeating thrill on thrill
Thou breakest on the strand ;
Art thou no moment soothed and still
At voice of high command ?

O surging Sea ! wilt thou not say
In accents to my soul

By wave, or tint, or tone, or spray,
Retreat, or onward roll,
The mighty message that thy deep
So seems to hug and hold?
Must thou thy awesome secret keep
Forever in the fold
Of that dark-flowing glorious blue
In ever-onward roll?

O mighty Sea! there is a Power
That holdeth even thee,
Closed in the hollow of His hand
Or setting gladly free.
Thy wild and tossing waves it smoothes;
Then furrows for His feet,
Are paths wherein He treads serene;
Then saltness is most sweet;
Anon, He calms the thund'rous roar
And lo, thy secret ear,
To music of His "still small voice,"
Unfolds for thee to hear.
Then, Sea, this white far-stretching strand
Lures me to walk awhile,
Transformed in thought, with shining face—
Reflection of His smile—
My heart now knows—is satisfied—
There is a Power above
The mighty waves, the thund'rous roar—
And that All-Power is Love.

The Siren Sea

Our cottage we built on the mountain-side,
Where the heather-bells and the gorse spread wide
Over long deep furrows down to the sea
Where the salt spray leaps and the tide sweeps free.
And sometimes the clouds float far and away
Ere peace drops down at the close of the day;
Again the horizon seems drawing near,
And we know 'twill rain, ere the storms appear.

From the rise of sun till it went to rest,
Ourselves and the bairnies worked with a zest,
And the bristling thistle in purple bloom
Was plucked by the roots to make garden-room,
And the fairies danced in the Maytime morn
'Neath blossoms of cherry and sweet white thorn.

With bonnie blue ribbon the children dear
Hung the bell, whose notes tinkled soft and clear,
'Round Jersey's white throat, and a queen she fed
On the heather-bells, o'er the hillside spread;
And from white sweet clover the honey-bee
Culled nectar for store in the hollow tree.

But the days would come when a wild unrest
Beat in squalls of billows within my breast;
For I was born at sea, and loved its wild
And thundering roar, when a little child;
And I'd laugh when drenched with the ocean brine
When thick were the clouds and no moon could shine.

A time came when brave hope itself took flight
And our good barque broke, on that awesome night,
And the Captain sank to the deep-sea bed;
With my mother pressed to his heart they sped
Down swift through the byways of coral-land,
While the tide left the wreck high on the sand,
A sailor-lad with it, who held me fast
Locked tight in his arms, with a bit of mast.
Unconscious, in coldness, with sea-brine wet,
We lay till 'twas found, there was "life there yet."

But somehow the sea plays a siren's part;
Though treacherous cruel, it lures my heart.
So, when the spell takes me I seek the height
Of the tow'ring crags; where 'tranced by the sight
Of the heaving sea, with its roar and rack,
The Captain's arms and my mother come back;
And the crêpe-swathed moon, and the sailor lad,
And the knell they tolled, for all that was glad.

Still dazed when my Rob ('twas the sailor's name)
Takes my hand, and says, "Dear faither, come hame!
The stars twinkle and shine, and Jersey's bell
Sings sweet i' the clover, your welcome to tell,
And Janet has found a wee birdie's nest—
Come hame to our mither and a' the rest."

He tugs at my hand, the sirens let go,
And the ocean's roar seems distant and low.

He tugs! The canny power in one sma' fist
Makes my heart a softness, my eyes a mist;
And darkness creeps down o'er the wild crag's side;
Only phantom sails o'er the ocean glide.

We trample the clover and heather-bloom
And my sair heart opens to make Him room
Who comes like my mither and whispers sweet:
"Thy life is for action; 'tis not to greet."

Dreaming and Blossoming Sea

O beautiful shimmering sea!
O vast plain, far away stretching
And losing thyself in the sky!
Lambent opal and mystery!
In a summer hour siesta
All things in softness unfolded,
A world of dream-sunshine for me!

O happy and shimmering sea!
Limpid and smiling contentment!
Commingling the pink and the green,
The blue, the warm saffron and white;
Cresting with silver the wavelets
In beautiful frillings in crowns,
In ever-resurging delight.

And out of the far horizon
 Appeareth and waiteth a ship;
It standeth and calleth to me,
 In sails evanescent and white.
It patiently keepeth its watch,
 Dim, distant, mystery-shrouded,
In indigo, merging to light.

The picture awaketh a song;
 Antiphonal melody sweet.
Beautiful! beautiful vision!
 The heavens in purity's robes
A-dream o'er the fields elysian.
 And ever the sea is flowing
In blue and in pink and in green;
 So like unto flowers blowing
In the mists of the prairies' sheen.

'Tis Truth in the gleaming garments
 Of beauty, on land and on sea;
Beauty ennobling the world;
 Celestial in light, joy-giving,
Mysterious, on-rolling sea,
 With song all so soothingly purled!
Delighting, ennobling; revealing
 Reign of Beauty and Truth as one;
O dreaming and blossoming sea!

The Little Ocean Eagle

O swift wing'd bird, far up in the blue,
Whither away?
Steady of poise and riding the storm
The livelong day.
Come gale and fury and blast anew
In gray of dawn or noontide blue;
In seething roar or in thunder boom;
The wrathful elements sounding doom,
When the mountain-surges break in the cloud
And swathe the earth in a water-shroud;
Yet, thou dauntless bird on pinions strong
Away and away thou sailest along,
High-poised and free, above all the storm
The livelong day.

Brave Ocean Eagle of matchless grace,
Frigate-bird, lord of the wingèd race,
Thy great dark pinions wide unfurled,
O'er-ride all blasts of a stormy world;
Thou hast no doubt, but that finest pow'r
Of him who trusts is thy kingly dow'r,
And in tranquil strength, each day newborn,
Thou leavest home at the gates of morn
And knowest not fear, but soarest high
Triumphant, free, through the vast blue sky —
On and away, the livelong day.

The Welcome

Now God be praised, good captain,
We're nearing heaven's shore;
The heaven of home and country,
Where the royal seagulls soar.

High o'er the blue sea sailing,
O bird, on great white wing,
Thou comest me to welcome,
Home tidings glad to bring.

I stretch my arms up to thee,
Brave bird from Golden Gate;
Thy instinct is God-given
In path so high and straight.

Oh, in my far home harbor
Thou gavest me delight;
My one white bird, my lover;
All grace in thy high flight.

Nor flag, nor shore, nor sunshine
Are so like home, white bird;
Thy great wings now curve to me;
My prayer, my voice, is heard.

Overcoming

Fair Margaret, O fair Margaret!
Of the sand-dunes by the sea,
In shadow of the tow'ring cliffs
Held in perplexing revery,
Lift your eyes to highest summit,
Sheerest granite though it be.

You have passed your midnight sorrow,
And the daybreak comes apace;
Know that yesterday's red footprints
The kind sands will soon efface,
And reflection of all goodness,
Lasting sunshine, light your face.

Then climb; shrink not the rocks tho' sheer,
Though scarce a niche for climbing feet
And scarce a twig for grasp of hand;
On highest top there's rest, oh, sweet!
And friends and bloom and cooling shade
Your coming gladly wait to greet.

The wide-stretched strides heroic take,
Faint not; but palm 'gainst rocky face,
Cling! climb and cling, rare Margaret!
This last needs not a half the grace
Your power of sacrifice displayed,
Yielding to others prestige place,

The tender ties, the home, the care,
All that to heart is sweetest, best,
The dearest idols did not spare,
Put by the anguish—sacrificed.

Hail! O hail, rare Margaret!

Your feet attain the Horeb height
Unfading mosses kiss them, cool,

And plain and tree a wondrous light
Reflect; a light whose rays inform

Of joy that knows not sorrow's night.
Here fields of labor open wide

The workers throng—a gladsome sight—
And palms and lilies here abound;

Refreshing streams course with delight.

Fair Margaret, O fair Margaret!

As on faith's upward soaring wing
You understood the All of Power

Good to earth's frailest child to bring
Sundered were all the ties of flesh

And you learned how to God to cling.

His Great Book of Honor

Home again from the fields, our toiler and friend,
A welcome most cordial, we haste to extend.
You're weary in heart, in muscle and brain;
Have courage, you'll find over cost there's a gain.
From the op'ning of morn unto close of the day
Now prose and now poem contended for sway,
And blossoms were hidden by rank growing reeds—
'Tis something that flowers were found 'mongst the
weeds—

'Tis endeavor and toil and utmost of soul
Ere God will make ready the name to enroll
In his Great Book of Honor.

All hushed is the hour when dewdrops distil,
God scatters in silence o'er meadow and hill
His pearls of rich moisture, each blade to adorn,
The grass in his season, the green springing corn.
When in silence you trust He'll come to impart
In dew-falling-stillness rich joy to your heart.
Tho' you hear not a word you'll know 'tis His voice,
His spirit of power your heart to rejoice.

For endeavor and toil and utmost of soul
God now in His love your name will enroll
In His Great Book of Honor.

With Him is Home

The sunset rays throw over all
The peace of parting day,
The ev'ning shadows softly fall
And veil earth's cares away.

The wide world hastens to its rest
Beneath the eaves of home;
One lifts His eyes toward Olivet
And climbs its slopes alone.

All day He serves the multitude,
The Bread of Life bestows:
That others may go free He toils,
Their ev'ry need He knows:

With waning day His yearning heart
Seeks not its own repose;
But with His vital urgent load
To solitude He goes.

And Olive's shade enfolding Him,
He spends the night in prayer;
In Him the Father, He in God;
His very home is there.

Our Friend He is; with Him our home;
He is our guiding star;
He, very Love, makes royal haste
The rest-gates to unbar.

Crown Jewels

Dost thou understand the treasures
 Enfolded in the snow?
Its exceeding, precious whiteness
 Points a vital truth to know.

A beautiful intelligence
 And power and breath of Love
Pervade the fields of atmosphere,
 From vale to heights above;
And lo, whiteness and rare jewels
 Wove in draperies of lace,
In triumphant color, dazzling—
 Web of purity and grace—
Lightly clothing all the garden
 Where stand creation's trees,
The blossoming into whiteness
 Coming silent as rose leaves.

And in thousand forms and fancies
 The iridescent gems,
Enwreathed in crowns of snowflakes,
 In chains surmount the stems—
Nature's coronal of radiance—
 And purity, alone
In such whiteness and crown jewels,
May come before God's throne.

He speaks to sacred Lebanon
 And tallest cedars grow;

And again commands a garment
Of His white and precious snow.

Can'st forget the snows of Lebanon?
Faith ne'er is so remiss—
For Perfection's type of whiteness
Is the type God makes of this.

The Mystery of the Snow

Hast thou visited the Nations
The wond'rous scenes to view?
Crag and lake and mountain summits,
And the works that man can do?
Would'st thou delve e'en to earth's center
For wealth of gems and gold;
To the beds of mighty waters
For pearls of price untold?
Would'st thou search the starry millions
Of worlds that roll in space
With the mighty glass of science
Their mysteries to trace?
Would'st thou scan man's great achievements
With the shuttle of finance;
How the currents and the lightning
Send swift a magic lance
To prick the channels of the Universe
That their blood may flow in gold?
Not in all this wealth of marvels
With all they may unfold
Is found more mystery of wisdom
Than is in the snow enrolled.

Enthroning the Day

In the early morning shadow,
Looking outward to the sky,
All is blue and floating purple,
Noiseless in its passing by.

Lo, the darkness is divided!
Just a ray of bright'ning light
Glints unformed immensity,
And the morn salutes the night.

Light and glory dawning, dawning,
Purple passing into rose,
Phantoms pushing on the mystic,
Form stands out and darkness goes.

Precious pearl in band translucent
Cordons space below the blue,
Holds in poise for breathless moments:
Brilliance now of golden hue.

Diamond flashes wake and kindle
Earth and sea in one vast gem,
Fire and rose and blue commingle
Light and green, in diadem.

Higher mounts the sun all regal
And the day is king once more!
Light and power and joy are regnant
From the East to Western shore.

Worship

Our Father, God, unchanging Love,
We lift our thought to Thee;
All grace Thou art—below, above—
All power and majesty,
Our hearts beat still, for Thou art near
And reverently we wait
In sacred hush Thy voice to hear,
To praise, with heart elate.

Triumphant, strong, the song we bring
When it reflects but Thee,
When closely to His side we cling
Who mounted Calvary,
And left a path transcendent, bright,
To lead us up to God,
The way illumed by holy light,
The path His feet have trod.

Assurance comes: "Lo, Thine we are!"
The "still small voice" we hear;
No sickness, sorrow, death can mar
When Love and Power are near.
As children, Father, glad we come,
Our trust in Thee complete;
Our Peace Thou art; our restful Home;
Our God; our Paraclete.

El-i-she-ba

El-i-she-ba, God's worshiper,
Whose eyes are starlit wells
Filled from the depths with constancy,
Blue violets of the dells,
With depth of tone and faithfulness
Their look a sweetness tells.

Thou standest at the gates of night
Where pass the toilers by;
Some have wrought well and happy go;
Some halt in step and sigh;
Some trail in dust a broken wing—
A multitude goes by.

Those needy, willing, contrite, meek,
Thou touchest with thy song;
The glory of God's knowledge—light—
Thy face reflecteth strong.
And healing balm flows unawares
The human line along.

A tenderness and strength divine
Enfolds each weary one.
God owns thy service; and His grace
Shines out a very sun,
In rays of light and warmth and life,
When His will has been done.

Thy voice hath notes of sweetest strain,
Christ's love the melody,

Melting despair to tears that flow
At touch of sympathy,
The healing touch of perfect Love
And blind eyes ope and see.

El-i-she-ba, God's worshiper,
How beautiful thy feet.
Faithful o'er thorny, rugged ways,
And through the meadows sweet;
Thy face reflecting radiance,
Thy song with strength replete.

Love

Love, the impelling excellence of Grace,
Of life the enkindling fire,
Bestowment of balm of tenderness;
Love, the chiefest of all desire,
Filling all immensity of space,
A binding conserving law;
Is all continuity of strength;
From Love all good, all might we draw.

The Secret Place

The secret place of His Presence
Is effulgent with love and light;
Those who dwell in that flame of Life
Receive gift of illumined sight;
To them is given the blessedness
Of the might of Love to know
All grace and power of tenderness,
Of light the transcendent glow.

Light

Dear Father, God, All-Life, All-Love,
Thy universe is Light;
Thy glory is beneath, above;
With Thee there is no night.
All wisdom, beauty blend in one—
A concept wholly Thine.
Christ Jesus, the immortal Son,
Stands forth, the Truth divine.

The brightness of His coming heals,
So sweet all-power is Light;
To sin and blindness it reveals
The tenderness of Might.

Lincoln

Born are the years: The years are gone!

But a pungent fragrance clings
To all the memories, fold in fold,
Like that Rosemary brings.
Rosemary, precious flower and leaf
From climes that are old and sear,
Sturdy and rugged, green and stiff,
With sky-tint blossoms dear.

The fragrance touches the dormant,
And ashes to being leap;
The brave of living yester-years
Wakes from his guarded sleep;
And he stands in mantle fragrant,
Of wisdom and of love—
A sturdy, homely, rugged one,
But gentle, like the dove.

Through all the years no other son
So royal crown has worn
Brilliant with stars of loving deeds
As on his brow is borne.
No malice dark, but charity
Graven in burnished gold—
The watchword he proclaimed for men
Through all the years will hold.

He stood in the breach for Freedom,
Stalwart and grave and sad,
Tho' the smile was ready, waiting
To change the face to glad.
Thoughts of his tender justness,
Compelling, like a prayer,
The deeds of power and kindness
Earth's lowly great shall dare.

Glad are the Harps

Glad are the harps in the great antiphonal
Of joy ; for the healing and the power,
The life-baptism in the coming of the Christ ;
'Tis the glory of the Father coming near !
His loving hand dispensing all the light ;
Omnipotence precluding stress and fear.

Glad are the harps in the anthem sounding,
For He knows us ! and calls us by our name
To His shelter in the cleft of the rock,
To the bonds of activity in Love,
Where the Christ is the shepherd of the flock.

I Have Redeemed Thee

Yea, Lord, Thou hast made of my days a song;
Thou hast poured out Thy full cup of blessing;
It overfloweth and purleth along,
Merging to rivers full and refreshing.
Once-barren places burst into flower;
Purple heartsease and forget-me-nots—blue
Like the serene sky after a shower—
Brighten the tangles along lonely roads.

And the song of the stars in the night sky;
Reverent radiance steady outpouring,
Diffusing Thy glory, bringeth Thee nigh
To the longing heart, waiting and list'ning.

Messiah speaketh: the words are as light,
Silvery starlight, a radiance precious;
Spiritual guidance for whatever night;
Shadows of darkness o'er hills or the soul;
And rivers and flowers and stars in the blue
Of the pathway of life make a glory.
With bondage an outlaw, life sweet and new,
Childlike, we cling to the great hand of God.

Thou hast redeemed! 'tis song and 'tis sweetness!
Swiftly speedeth the foot on glad missions,
And the voice lifteth up in completeness
A thanksgiving song, for high-lighted roads.

Gratitude

Oh, in this wondrous time, this gracious hour,
A stately song, a hymn of gratitude
Ascendeth, for the healing and the power
In the touch of the ever-present Truth;
For the oneness of the Father and the Son
In the glory that was light ere its symbol
Or foundations of the earth were begun.

Morning

A band of pearl and opal
On the azure curtain of sky,
Mist overhanging the valley
Softly purple and gray in dye;
The hillside a-blush with heather,
Beneath its mantle of dew,
And all the quiet places
With fragrant violets blue.

At the Old Homestead

Morning-glories! with dew on them lying;
Early praise-song with the sunrise vying;
Beauty-kissed, celestial, laughing in light,
The old gray fence bears you up with delight!
Ethereal, white, your tangles entwine
The arch o'er the gateway in morning's shine;
In white "glories," the dew on them lying,
Loveliest song! with the sunrise vying.

I'm Dreaming To-night

Of the long ago I'm dreaming to-night
When our life and joy were one,
And laughing we danced in the flow'ry mead,
We roamed 'neath the same bright sun.

The little brown schoolhouse is standing true,
Four-square to the world around;
The noontide comes and each fair lover-girl
Seeks her mate with joyous bound.

And we skip and laugh in our bonnets blue,
To the cool and bubbling spring,
Where delicious in tang the peppermint
Grows round it in magic ring.

And the ice-cold spring and the biting mint
Lure the girls the summer long;
And each small, pink palm makes a drinking-cup,
Each tongue sings a burning song.

And the skies are blue, and the wild rose sweet;
Our arms twine each other round;
And the mistress wise and the maidens fair
Weep when "last schoolday" comes round.

Fades the dream—
And those dear young days of the long-ago
Up the steeps of life have wound,
Though white like snow are the lover-girl's locks,
Each, mint near a spring has found.

Mother's Garden

Our mother loved the garden mould
In the springtime of the year,
To dig and plant and sow and trim
And to sing her hymn of cheer.

The flowers loved the mother-touch
And sprang in rapturous glee,
With all their sweets and colors fine
Showing forth their loyalty.

In that fine old-fashioned garden,
On a sun-slope of the farm,
She filled the beds of mellow soil
With the fragrant things that charm.

And with many that were useful
In meeting old-fashioned need ;
Near the southernwood and tansy
Were planted the larkspur seed ;

Sweet-william and the four-o'clocks
And old-fashioned marigold
And bells of pink and white musk-plant
In flowers their story told.

And dear old-fashioned mullein-pink
'Midst long leaves of pale green down
Arrayed its wealth of blossoms rare
In deep-crimson velvet gown.

Here daffodils and peonies
And bachelor buttons true,
Bride-of-the-mist, or mourning widow,
Each bloomed in its season due.

And the lilacs and wild roses
Giving out a breath most sweet
Waved in grace and bloomed in blushes
Near the gateway, as was meet.

A summer-house stood in the midst,
A bower of rest and shade,
With honeysuckle round and round,
And with woodbine overlaid.

Here glinting, twinkling, humming bird—
Flower ever on the wing—
Held one in rapt suspended thought,
Fairie, wondrous, sentient thing!

And roses trailed the cottage eaves,
Blushing deep to be so high,
While birds, nested in the branches,
Flew forth, singing, to the sky.

All things that grow—and her children—
Were the mother's loving care
And 'midst these, pruning, training,
We would sketch her portrait, fair.

Father's Sunset Dream

Ye hills and glens and myrtles dear,
And golden gorse and cottage home,
With dawn and sweetness hov'ring near—
Ye call my heart while far I roam.

Now, once again, I'm in the dawn,
Full flushed with rose, and dewy white;
Again, the crested birds I hear
In rarest morn of tender light.

The lowlands now are all aglow,
The crags aflame with glory seem,
And on the wave, as rivers flow,
The gorse in sunshine patches gleam.

There is no morn so brightly pure
As "Dawning" by the Irish sea;
No fields of golden gorse endure
So bright illumed, in memory.

Out o'er those fields in golden glow,
So gay with yellow-hammers' song,
Rise lyric notes, and ever flow
In melting tenderness along.

Seas may divide, the mountains rear
In barrier high, to heaven's blue;
No other charms of earth can cheer
Like those reflected still from you.

But, Sarah, precious daughter dear,
These fairest scenes I soon shall flee;
Wing to far emerald fields, be near
Thy warm and gracious self—with thee.

To Marie

January 29, 1880

I

From her cheek the roses had stealthily flown
When Mother breathed, "Darling," in tenderest tone,
And closely she folded you to her warm heart
Her precious girl-baby; Tears unbidden start—
The world all without was enmantled in snow;
Within all suffused with affection's warm glow.

II

The days of your childhood have receded far;
Stately angels now come the gates to unbar;
They swing to the fields where endeavor is free
And Hope, reigning a Queen, stands beckoning thee.
The secrets of Wisdom untiring you've sought;
Her messages still will inspire your thought;
A vision of woman, prophetic and clear,
She shows you erect, bearing strength, grace and
cheer.

III

June 19, 1908

Now June-time is come on that far golden shore,
Where the ocean waves lap at the sunset's door,
And arms of the saffron-rose twine round the palm
And the white sea-gulls in the summer's calm,
Charmed to stillness of wing, list the silver horn
Of retreating angels in the wake of morn—
They have put in thy arms a beautiful boy—
As thy mother, thou foldest to thee thy joy;
Now, Love's holy blessing rests down upon thee,
Blessing warm and abounding like sunset sea.

Jennie

A Voice speaks to my waiting ear to-night,
For the day has folded its cares away.
Precious Voice! at close of this summer day,
Hymning soft and sweet in the quiet light.

And, Jennie, the strains are of days long past,
When your children were rich in Mother-care,
And the village-folk had their happy share,
Till your tireless vigils were o'er at last.
Now the twilight chorus flutes softly: "Well done!
Loving ways of service thy crown hath won."

For Kate

May 11, 1913

I

O Kate, but the day was kind, dear,
In that May of the long ago,
When the joyous budding blossoms
Of the apple were pink and snow,
And the angels swung a cradle
'Neath the flow'ring branches low;
And in it a dimpled baby
The zephyrs rocked to and fro;
And you were that one in the blossoms,
And joy queen of the earth, you know.

II

O, the time went swiftly by, Kate,
And with blossoms of each new day,
In shade of friendly garden-trees
You laughed the flying hours away;
Till a time came, white with snow-wreaths,
To grace November's festal day,
And from Penn's wide wooded valleys
Came William Dounton, blithe and gay;
And joyous sang the wedding-bells
While sunset wore sweet pink and gray.

III

November 25, 1915

Now, for twoscore years and three, Kate,
Have come the Springtime and the Fall,
And snowflakes and the apple-flowers
In full showers have rained on all;
And still, you and yours are kept, dear;
For both, day dawns in silver light;
And your voice speaks words of wisdom
In rosy phrasing, sweet and bright.
Still may angels swing your cradle,
The orchards blossom pink and white.

The Haven

The windows of my cottage look from a far-seeing
hill;
Near by are grass and clovers and a pebble-bottom
rill;
In the summertime the bees work, unceasing, in a
throng,
And thrushes nearly burst their throats in highest soaring
song.
There's winding path all bordered by a row of lilacs
sweet,
And in sunshine or in cloud-time, my happy eyes to
greet,
Are roses with their hundred leaves and Eden-haunted
scent,

And precious waxen white ones, with a thought of
heav'n blent,
And by the porch a beech tree—stem of blue and leaf
of gold—
And in its shade blue violets from mother-forest old.

With Tennyson and Whittier, and graphic Dickens,
near,
Along with Milton and with Shakespeare, of that older
sphere;
And high above all other, the recorded precious
Word,
The Old and Newest Testament of our all-loving Lord;
With a book of noble hymns, 'waking songs of tender
thought;
Rich in a fluent melody, from wingéd songsters caught;
And a sweet and loyal heart beating tender by my
own—
We, from all far-off stormy life having safely flown—
Our hearts are strong, our voices rise in gratitude and
praise,
To the Pilot guiding us through the dark or sunny days.

O, truly graven picture! on the walls of thought secure;
In tints so all-indelible their preciousness is sure,
For friendship's colors, laid in heaven, blend in a purest
white,
And fold the heart in radiance of ever-living light.

Lilacs

In far-away Persia, in sun or in snow,
The beautiful lilacs like well to blow ;
Lilacs with more of the rose than the blue,
And in Sheraz gardens the white ones, too.

In Osaka's temple they wave with grace ;
Their perfume and bloom make sweet the place.
From the slopes Caucasian their seeds have flown,
And in all far nations their blooms are known.

Oh, precious the clusters of plumes that wave
In silvery purple, and all climes brave !
Their fragrance delicious pervades the spring—
'Tis essence of love in the censer they swing.

They are fragrant breath and flutter of grace,
A blossoming old-fashioned tenderness.
O heart of friendship, how like they are you !
Your sweetness of grace to their sweetness true.

Little Wildflower

Ah! my little rosy cheeks, with thoughtful eyes of blue,
Where now might you be straying, with bare feet in the
dew?

You chubby little maiden, intent upon your way,
Too serious for laughter, too serious for play.
She raised her eyes in answer, her eyes of deepest blue,
And pattered, pattered faster, to where the wild things
grew.

The bank beside the streamlet, with face turned to the
sun,
All veiled in vines and berries, in green and crimson
done,
Was rich in witching tangles and yellow piper's song,
And there, a little comrade, she chased a happy throng
Of butterflies in velvet, of bees in gold and brown,
And watched the fairy airships of dandelion-down.

Was one with brier-roses and all the wilding things
Unfolding richest color, or spreading velvet wings.
Her heart-chords shyly trembled when people gathered
near;

But in wide fields of Nature she never knew a fear;
But roamed the forest glades where the beeches
tower'd high,
And the wildly blooming flower turned to woman by
and by.

And always lovely Canada was dear, from sea to sea,
Demure and wilding little girl, so very like to me.

Springtime

O sweet that thrush's song!
A transport of delight.
O flowers out of crannies crowding
And laughing in the light!

A fragrance fills the air,
A premonition sweet,
Of purple vineyards, by and by,
And poppies in the wheat.

New birthing swells the heart,
The living joy o'erflows;
Thought is prolific—so the earth—
For this the Springtime shows.
In kindling purpose to a flame
That sets the forces free,
Purged of all hind'ring, weighted dross,
For fruitage yet to be.

O, gaily Springtime comes!
And all her streamlets flow,
Bearing nectar from the graces
As through the groves they go.

White Violets

Sweet violets ; white violets,
Blithely glinting in the shower ;
Modest caroling of beauty
In the sparkling sunrise hour.

Precious little maidens, dancing 'neath the trees ;
The baby faces shaded by parasols of leaves,
The breath a sweetest fragrance, filling sails of ev'ry
 breeze
For the capture and the wafting of thought afar and
 high
To the lovely mother-azure bending from the sky
In tenderness, o'rfolding the violets in white ;
Precious maidens in their chrisoms of innocence and
 light.

June

Soft-floating zephyrs, and roses, and June,
And skies of ethereal blue;
Proud trees in their wealth of chrysoprased leaves
And gardens in jewels of dew;
Enraptured our thought mounts up on a wing
Swift and free, as the glad birds do.

Between fields of clover the rivers sing
And dance on their way to the sea;
The strawberry girl, rich in wildwood grace
Lifts her thought to the glad "To-be;"
Her lover's hoe gleams in the springing corn,
And he's stalwart and good to see.

'Tis the midmost day, high noon of the year,
Buds are come to the perfect flow'r;
Now color and fragrance are King and Queen,
And are throned in the rose's bow'r.
Superlative June! 'Tis our Father's gift,
Life abundant, a lasting dower.

The Zenith of the Year

'Tis crossing the meadows
Knee-deep through daisies and fragrant clover,
Up the rye-crowned hill, and on and over
To the wooded slope ;
Delicious the air and the sun is high,
And music owns the sweet June sky,
And the birds soar there.

'Tis the cool ravine,
With sere leaves' rustle smothered in moss,
Where the tall trees throw their arms across
In stately cathedral arch ;
And the silence sounds touch the inmost ear
Confidential in tone and softly clear,
And the heart sings back.

'Tis the anvil chorus
Of harmony sounds in poetic dream ;
And nothing cares, but all things seem
In Jubilee of growing ;
A blending of humming bird, rose and June ;
The breath of the day with the light in tune
To note of one clear bell ;
All color, all life in soprano tone ;
The essence divine of all worth known ;
One clear sweet bell of rejoicing.

Vesper

'Tis Sunday ev'ning, and July;
The maple leaves are bowing and smiling
At the zephyr's lightsome caress,
And waving response to the lisping voice
Telling its midsummer story.
The sunlight slowly creeps across the grass—
The luscious midsummer grass—
The stately cannas stand in rich blossom;
Great top bunches of bright crimson;
A fitting type of July's life-essence,
And most kingly crowning of plants
Erect in green, and shades of purpling brown,
The whole enfolded in softness.

In the air is a delicious comfort;
No cloud-fleck in the field of sky;
All a quiet symphony of mystery
Alluring the inquiring soul
So surely op'ning thought to majesty
And the forever on-going
Of Him who rounded its unending arch
And filled its dome with a spirit-azure.

Vesper hour, and the spirit of worship
Aspirate, in unison with nature;
The bondage of the flesh all forgotten
In the embrace of the Divine.
The summer ev'ning, sweet and fervent prayer,
Thanksgiving in reposeful dream.

Memory

*Of the faculties of mind, I deem
With which all men are blest
By the fiat of the Word supreme,
The Memory the best.*

Her wonderful halls stretch far and wide,
Through leagues and leagues of years;
And through the hushed air we softly glide,
Forgetting long-shed tears;
For a gracious Empress on the throne
Has sweet and powerful sway,
And gathers all we have ever known
To her sunlit halls of day.

This beautiful Empress, Memory,
Hath valleys hung with mist;
And through the years of eternity
All sad things shall be kissed
And hid away in these soothing vales,
While precious things of life
Sing over and over sweetest tales
With tender beauty rife.

All her glad argosies of treasure,
From morning's port to West,
Sailing in stately rhythmic measure,
Cast anchor at request;

And unfold at hint of longing thought
Bales gathered through the years ;
What the eyes had seen and the hope had sought,
And victory's glad tears.

This beautiful Empress, Memory,
From shore to farthest shore
Of her kingdom, through eternity
What's pure holds in her store ;
And no evil can inscribe for men
One help infallible ;
Naught spiritual graves its brazen pen,
'Tis wholly delible.

Things that are sad shall vanish away
In quiet vales of mist ;
Shall recede still farther, day by day,
Then kindly be dismissed.
But Memory's leagues of lofty halls
Gleam ever with the true ;
The length and height of the wondrous walls
A radiance of view.

Marigolds and Pansies

Marigolds and pansies wet with the dew,
A formal bed, mid the grasses lying
In morning shadows, but light is flying
Swift o'er the dream-world, the day to renew ;
Blessing and sunshine, dear heart, are so true ;
Marigolds and pansies do no sighing ;
Their song is of life, not dirges of dying ;
Their notes gold and purple and silvered with dew.

Life never slips heart-beat, never knows night ;
Is Spirit eternal, dwelling in light.
Marigolds and pansies, velvet and pearled,
With dew on your lips, ye sing to the world
Of life in rich beauty ! Oh, living is sweet !
My friend is not sleeping here, close by my feet.

Shining, they Sing

Poised and serene in softest blue,
High swung above mist and the clouds,
Shineth a star ;—
Shimmering luminous silver,
Unfaltering, precious and true—
Shineth afar.

Unfading, eternal and high,
The substance and center of suns,
Truth the White star,

Out-sending all life-rays and light,
Fills with glory the earth and the sky,
The near and the far.

All stars shine in symphony sweet ;
In constant reflection of truth,
Shining they sing.
All nations and tongues hear their voice,
Unceasing in consonant speech,
Tranquilly sing.

The Lady of the Beeches

There's a forest of royal beeches
Skirting the slope to the still ravine ;
Where linger the fairies with dewdrops
'Till the depths are a glimmering sheen,
And the moisture plants and the mosses
Are ever clad in unfading green.

Sun-kissed is the slope of the hillside,
The leaves a-shimmer in burnished gold ;
There's a song by the blithesome cricket
And lambs wending their way to the fold.
As day wanes there's a quiet prescience
Pervading vale, the slope, and the crest,
And the crimson and rose are fading—
Blending to purple mist in the West.

As the ev'ning shadows fall darker
And sound the notes in a clearer ring
Comes a Lady, with song and color,
Comes in a lightsome crescendo swing,
Wearing robes of an autumn lilac,
Her pouch of color with grace to bring.
And the leaves of the tall young beeches
Dance in the morning in golden glee,
For my Lady with magic touches
Has made of their bolls a symphony—
Notes of light and scarlet and violet
And sapphire, blent soft as dove's wings be—
And the mauve-tinted trunks stand lofty,
'Midst their branches all plumed in gold,
Clothed in my Lady's royal velvet,
Color pure to the deep of each fold;
And Pan's seven reeds sing her praises,
In those Pandean shrills, as of old.

Ho, for the Forest

Ho, for the forest and sunshine!
For the cabin of warmth and joy!
Embowered in masses of woodbine,
Where the birds nest—shy and coy—
For the monarch beeches, gray and old,
For the spice of the hemlock's breath;
The lease of life its arms enfold,—
So our father's legend saith.

And Ho! for the winding pathways,
The call of the hunter's horn,
Sounding till setting of sun's rays,
And heard in the early morn;
For nut-trees crowning sunlit hills,
For garlands of fragrant leaf,
And softly brilliant pheasant quills
For crown of the victor-chief.

Oh! for the blessed comradeship
Of the constant, lofty trees,
For harpsichord in the flower's lip
Awaked by the wing of bees;
For the autumn days with friends a-near,
When life is in mellow tune,
And woodland voices sweet and clear
Chant peace in a rhythmic rune.

Clara Louise Schneider

Our Clara dear, though years roll by,
Thy voice is with us still;
While censers spill sweet fragrance o'er
The woodland, mead and hill.
That fragrance bringeth thoughts of thee,
O swift! our hearts to thrill.

Lo! still thine eyes shine beautiful;
Thy feet so swiftly run
O'er hillsides fair, and mountain peaks,
All glorious in the sun!
To gather all that is divine
To grace the blossoming
Of gifts of new portraying power
In lyrics sweet as Spring.

To Mrs. Van Derweel

May I bring you one beautiful rose
In the morn of this glad New Year?
'Tis a symbol of regal repose,
And wafteth a message of cheer
On the wings of the wind, as it blows;
Its exquisite fragrance, my dear,
Through the true wedded life always goes.
With vision prophetic and clear,
On your threshold I'd lay my sweet rose;
Come honor or trial or cheer,
You will meet all with regal repose.

Autumn

Frosty nights and bright days! The woods and fields
Are writing symphony in deepest tone.
The Infinite Mind alone, conceiving
The staff of light, and bringing the crimson,
Vermilion and blue, the purple and gold,
With hint of green, to one blend of richness;
Making harmony out of differences;
The crucible spilling over, drenching
Oak forest and the leaves of the beeches;
Oaks majestic in red, beeches in gold;
While the late violet and fruited wild-rose,
The dandelion and blue hepatica—
Most daring voyageurs from the Springtime—
Are thriving colonies 'neath the great trees.
And I wander, my own being folded
In the color, and filled with a fragrance
Compounded for a stately requiem,
While wakened thoughts, assembling in anthem,
Become vibrant part of the organ-rhythm.

Morning-Glories

O the hedges and the lanes
Where the winds and sunshine play!
Grass and buttercups in Spring
And the blossoms of the "May,"
And tall and solemn hemlocks
Making shadow all the day.

The thistle and the burdock
Entwined with berry-briar,
Merry hollyhocks in ranks
With crimson flow'rs all afire;
And orioles and robins
Making one harmonic choir!

Where the barefoot children run,
All the livelong summer through,
In tattered slips and jackets,
Weather-stained, and pink and blue.

'Tis freedom, song and sunshine,
Till the summer turns to fall,
When rip'ning fruit is falling,
And the pensive curlews call;
When the scarlet sage is blooming
And is heard the wild-goose squall.

The hedges wear new color
At the rising of the sun,
The hollyhocks and thistles,
E'en the hemlocks, are o'errun
With morning-glory tendrils,
And the pageant is begun!

Oh! the children rise at daybreak,
And, their swift feet bathed in dew,
They skip along the hedges
All the radiance to view;
Nor think to pluck the "glories"
Ethereal pink and blue;

Then ceases the soft patter
Of their brown and willing feet;
Their eyes are wide with wonder
And their faces awesome-sweet;
Their hearts so touched with beauty
That their stillness is complete,
When morning-glories out of Eden
And the happy children meet.

The Bells of Cruces

And these are the bells of Cruces!
Whose melody of chime
Is a pathos sweetly touching,
A glory all sublime;
They whisper now regretfully,
Yet proud of that old time,
When we left the gates of Panama
And trod, through wet and sun,
Our way through lofty, sacred palms
From morn till day was done;
With orchid blossoms in the gloom
'Twas paradise begun,
And the soul was thrilled with music
When the old bells were rung;
The old, old bells of Cruces
Chanting in silver tongue.

O, how full the joyous pealing,
In welcome most sincere,
Though always a pathos linger'd
In echo low and clear,
For we knew the bells were watchmen
O'er all that we held dear.
With a song like laughing water,
Dancing and clear and bright,
When the little rosebud baby
Open'd its eyes to light;

And, like fields of luscious roses
An incense in the night,
When the bride in joyous sweetness
Stood in her gown of white.
And the soul was thrilled with music
When the old bells were rung;
The old, old bells of Cruces
Chanting in silver tongue.

But the notes were holy music,
Just when the shadows fall,
With the sun behind the palm-trees
Dark creeping over all;
And we left the loved one sleeping
Beneath a fresh-made pall.
When a bird in tender accents
Lent cheer to the refrain,
And the sunset stars were shining
The sad began to wane;
The blending music touched the heart
Like sweet soft-falling rain
Upon a longing, thirsty earth
Till all was green again.
There was comfort in the music
When the old bells were rung;
The old, old bells of Cruces
Chanting in silver tongue.

When the barque sailed down the river,
Seeking Atlantic's side,
A blithe and swarthy Spaniard
Just as the bell-notes died,
Woke from his lute a harmony
That floated with the tide;
And the waters of the Chagres
Quietly slipped along,
While in our hearts was melody
Of Campan-i-le's song
Of the Cruces Campan-i-le
In glad appealing song;
For the soul was thrilled with music
When the old bells were rung;
The old, old bells of Cruces
Chanting in silver tongue.

Three Vagabonds—We

Three vagabonds, we, going into the West,
With brushes and canvas, and colors the best;
We'll fetch the knee-breeches for riding the wheel,
Our green hunter's coat and new fishing-reel;
Our Queen has made ready a flask of good cheer;
What, think you, is in it? wine, cider, or beer?
Let us tuck it in here:
Three vagabonds, we—
A wise-hearted Queen of the vagabonds, she.

We've roamed o'er the meadows, we've waded the
stream,

We've caught on our canvas the sun's golden gleam,
We have seen from afar the fawn's twinkling feet
Abound o'er the hills to a cool, safe retreat;
And darkness reigns over us, save that the night
Has hung her wide chambers with lamps all alight;

We'll camp in their sight:

Three vagabonds, we—

And pure-hearted Queen of the vagabonds, she.

The fields we've bro't with us, their texture and dye,
And soon we'll hang o'er them this night-curtained sky;
First haste with swift fingers and open, I pray,
The flask, noble Queen, you have carried all day;
We're thirsty from tramping, and needing its cheer,
We'll drink your good health, yet, many a year;

Let us put it just here:

Three vagabonds, we—

A kind-hearted Queen of the vagabonds, she.

(Garda speaks and we echo with reverent mien:)

"The command of a friend you would gladly obey!
Show, too, you are kind in expressing a nay!
To satisfy thirst you would clear water bring!
It flows like to crystal from yonder cool spring!
Ev'ry drop is a sphere transparent and white!
'Tis purity's emblem transmitting the light!

And are you not right?"

Three vagabonds, we—

How discerning a Queen of the vagabonds, she.

The story goes on and each word is a pearl :
"You knew over yonder a sweet, winsome girl?
She wed with her lover, kind, handsome and gay ;
Their home was all sunshine and sweet as the May ;
They loved and they lived, and then the two died ;
Two children in silence asleep by their side ;"

 Your meaning you hide :

 Three vagabonds, we—

A canny-like Queen of the vagabonds, she.

But Garda, our Queen, whence comes that deep sigh?
'Neath warm, fragrant grass all must sleep bye and bye.
What is't you say? "Wine and passion, mad steeds
That hasten the rider to infamous deeds?
A gentleman this, clever, tender and true,
Till spirits inflamed and the reason o'erthrew,"

 As spirits will do ;

 Three vagabonds, we—

A plain-spoken Queen of the vagabonds, she.

"These actors are gone, their tragedy's played!
Their record for time and eternity's made ;
'Tis like unto legions the angel puts down,
Of beggars, of workers, of men of renown.
The heartbreak in life! Wail of innocent's cry!
And the strong cross the way, and coldly pass by ;
 And the stricken ones die!"

 Three vagabonds, we—

A sword-wielding Queen of the vagabonds, she.

O Garda; Your weapon sinks e'en to the hilt;
What seekest thou yet? "Canst thou have what thou wilt?"

"The wolf thou wouldst bind, tho' he roam in soft dress;

Each foe, tho' a liquid, in kindness suppress;
Tender-hearted, clear-brained, each man in the state,
God-fearing and true, and the nation is great!

How long shall we wait?"

Three vagabonds, we—

Importunate Queen of the vagabonds, she.

(Again Garda speaks, and trembling I hear:)

"The wine-flask you've sealed and you proffer to me!
I may take it, may break it, or so let it be!"

God, how the hand trembles! and how the head reels!
How cowardly faint the heart in me feels!

Not a muscle can move, nor command can the will!
God help me!—Queen Garda shall keep the flask still!

I feel my heart thrill!

Three vagabonds, we—

And thrice-blessèd Queen of the vagabonds, she.

We're home from the meadows, this canvas unrolled;

The picture is morning, in opal and gold;

The trees are astir and the hills are aglow;

The song-birds are making sweet music, I know.

'Tis God-like in action, 'tis tender and true

And Garda looks from it,—if only you knew—

'Tis clear to my view:

Three vagabonds, we—

Forever the Queen of the vagabonds, she!

Frances Willard

'Tis afternoon once more
And the bright lake shimmers and dreams;
The white sand along its edge
Alive with child mound-builders, seems
A plain of long ago.
The tall motionless, vine-wreathed trees—
Their domes touching the clouds—
Sentinel stand o'er all one sees.

From white embowered tent
Sweet notes of faith-winged hymn and prayer
Rise and fall in cadence,
Awakening the list'ning air.
'Tis woman's hour of praise,
Of heartfelt supplication grave;
And she of gracious mien
Is there, gentle and firm and brave.

The refined brow is lifted,
Her spirit breathes in quiet tone
Complete consecration—
Father and loving child alone,
All other presence hushed—
Resolutely she takes the hand
Of all-sustaining Power:
A woman beautiful she stands!

For native land she wrought
All in defensive armour clad—
“The panoply of Love”—
And mountain, plain, and valley glad
Gave back a smile of love.
Her footprints into blossoms rare—
Emblems of purity—
Sprang up—sweet lilies pure and fair.

My Rose

In far sunny Ind, where I strolled one day,
I gathered a carbuncle rich and red;
I looked at the sun through the precious gem,
And a bright burning coal I saw instead;
Then I chose the ruby from other shore;
Red-sapphire gem oriental.
Of all precious things should I ask aught more?

In garden with slope to the sunny south
I gathered a violet-dark-red rose
One morning in June, while glistened the dew
Like profusion of gems on these, on those—
The soft velvet petals, and leaves dark green—
A rare dark rose from Eden blown
Over paradise walls by breath unseen.

I said to my rose, “Your blood hints of Life;
You move! Ah yes, and your breath tells me so;
Your cheek to my own presses soft and warm
Just where the sun kissed it awhile ago;

The touch of his lips enhanced other grace
And fragrance you lavishly yield,
And a brighter tint on your robe I trace.

"Luxurious rose, meant for full deep life,
Your velvet and satin and bloom and glow,
Your breath of perfume all given, by whom?
The heart answers softly, 'I know,' I know'."
My rose! She is flower and woman too,
A blessing for all intended;
And the high, and the low, from care to woe.

My Radiant Rose! She has jewelled mind,
Love reigns in her eye and glows on the cheek,
And her spirit is rare and her grace of mien;
God gave her to me of Heaven to speak;
His Word and His stars the lamps for her feet,
Her heart to be Holy Temple,
For the loving Lord it is cleansed, made meet.

The rose and the woman! Ah, who need sing
Of gems that are precious, "which is the fair"?
"Or the rose, just kissed by the morning sun,"
"Or woman whose heart is a temple rare"
"Or the glowing coal, the carbuncle bright"
"Most brilliant gem, oriental!"
For, 'tis she who reflects Love's holy light!

The Lord built a city, and gems are its walls.
The Jasper and Beryl and Chrysolite
And the gates are of costly, rarest pearl,
In the midst of all the Lamb is the Light;
And roses, and lilies alternate grow
For the crown of His creation;
For the one whom the Master loves to know.

Palms

TO NETTA

There are palms, so numerous palms
In the stately paradise home;
In single and in armies
The delightful expanse they roam;
Victorious palms and lordly,
Tossing plumes in the upper blue,
A glist'ning regal coronet,
Proudly worn as rulers do.

So num'rous palms the great King needs
To bestow on those who love,
Whose lives are on active service,
And on those who stand and love,
Patiently guarding the gates of truth
With unflinching but tender hand;
With face like a shining glory
In glistening robes who stand.

Mary Evelyn

May 24, 1895-1913

I

A cool, delicious morning in the Maytime of the year;
The apple-blossoms pink and snow, and bird-songs
sweet with cheer;
The dooryard and the tangled glen in vivid garments
new;
O'er all there trailed a silv'ry veil of pearly beads of
dew.

A fitting time, the angels thought, for baby eyes to ope,
For earth was sweet and beautiful and clothed with
newborn hope.

They laid the tiny girlie in a soft and fragrant bed;
Back to sky-land on a sunbeam in joy they swiftly sped.

O sweetly precious girlie! Coming in the blushing May,
Thy work to bring the sunshine, scatter blossoms all
the way

From morning till the noontime, till the day of life is
done,
Weaving crowns of joy for others, until thy crown is
won.

II

1914

Oh! the years have come and gone, with their flowers
of pink and snow,
Hint of apple-blossom fragrance trails all the paths
you go;
In your rippling merry laughter the bird-notes ring out
clear,
The hymns of orchard songsters sounding in your
gurgling cheer.

O Mary, precious girlie! You are where the stream-
lets meet
To rush with mighty impulse in a river at your feet;
You stand, and dreaming, longing, look to trace its
winding way
Through the meadows of the morning, the burning
fields of day,
And life's flowers all are opening their petals witching
sweet,
For you're at the mystic portal where girl and woman
meet.

And luscious fruit must follow the lovely apple-flower,
And girlhood's simple graces mature to woman's power
For Queenly ministration, with Love divine in tune;
Like to fragrant precious lilies, blossoming in June.

An Elect Lady

SUSANNA WESLEY

BORN, LONDON, 1669; DIED, BRISTOL, 1742

Two centuries with measured stately tread
Have joined the marching ranks of all the ages,
Down the aisles of the storied past receding,
 Since first the flowers of thought enwreathed her
 brow,
Forerunning golden fruitage and revealing
 A regal intellect enthroned; till now
Scarce thought in woman, lovely, clinging,
 Could be found—two hundred years and more
 Since first in London she those flowers wore.

Clothed in the garments beautiful of truth
And maiden graces, heaven-born and sweet,
Strong, yet kindly, stood she for what was best
 In girlhood, as when wintry storms of life
Beat round her; stood in calm, supremest rest,
 Patiently and with courage subduing strife;
Leading in higher thought with ordered zest.
 When sons to her in faith came with their need
 Deftly she unravelled tangled skeins of creed.

O Priestess of Epworth; still dost thou shine,
A guiding star whose steady ray earth's daughters
Well may follow; securely poised in height
 The shifting years shall see it reigning far.

Two sons with thee in greatness and in might
Of influence enthroned in honor are,
Beck'ning the sons of men to Love and Light
One taught redemptive grace in metered line
Sweet lyrics sounding o'er the plains of earth
In cumulative force, majestic, fine.
And one, almost their counterpart was he,
With logic keen uncovered sophistry,
Taught men to hear the Spirit's pard'ning voice,
Know His indwelling presence and rejoice.

In Memoriam

JOSEPHINE DYAR HOUGHTON

Thy heart, dear friend, was a garden rare
Yielding blossoms of beauty and grace;
Thy joy was to scatter the lilies fair
That the perfume might sweeten the place
And flow'rs of hope might blow.

Horæ turned almost fourscore and ten
Her hortensial glass of golden sand
'Neath the world's blue sky for thee; and then
Thy feet sped on to the better land,
Love's loveliness to know.

Thy skillful hand sketched the sweet goodbye;
And what but lilies fair could it be?
The blossoms pure 'gainst a bit of sky—
Thy Mizpah, a thought of Christ, for me—
"The lilies, how they grow."

Song of the Old Guard

BALDWIN UNIVERSITY CLASS OF 1859
TO BALDWIN-WALLACE CLASS OF 1919

'Tis Junetime; we're here with the Seniors and Band,
We white-headed children from yesterday-land;
Our old Latin grammar and old "Rule of Three"
Are with us in mem'ry, as snug as can be;
Brow lifted, we face serried foes, e'en the worst;
(Don't know second fiddle; we're good in the first!)
From old days we're come, keeping step with the new,
For progress in knowing we ever pursue.

According with Wisdom, our structure shall stay,
The strong buttressed pillars shall never decay,
For Wheeler and Tingley and Proctor sowed seeds
Of oaks everlasting—enough for our needs.
You, sons and blithe daughters, are coming along,
With frills to your knowledge, with high-sounding
song;

You're welcome to thunder your pæans of yells;
Our hearts beat most truly to old chapel-bells.

Our banners are flying; we're marching with vim;
Our bugles are blowing the old college hymn,
"For Rightness and Industry, Women and Men,"
Writ large in the mind with indelible pen.
Our slogan we're sounding up all the bright way,
It is "Justice set Free, Forever and Aye."
Let skies be o'ershadowed, or golden with sun,
That slogan shall sound till Right's battles are won!

In the Presence of Niagara

By the height and the calmness led
To seek a transcending view
The watchtower lifted its head
To the fields of calmest blue.
And was kindled the flashing light
Of a wonderful brilliant eye
In the lantern poised on the height
Of the tower that touched the sky.

And it glimmered and shone far out
O'er the seething furious wave
That reared 'midst the rocks and lashed about
In the echoes of wreck it gave.
Still, afar shone its guiding ray
Away out o'er the mighty deep
Where in repose the billows lay
As in calm and dreamless sleep.

At morning dawn to the tower's height
Earnestly mounted the watchman true;
Swiftly his keen and far-sent sight
Swept the remote expanse of blue.
And he thought of the mighty hand
In whose hollow the sea lay still,
The awful power of that command
That built a water-wall at will.

That always with roar and with sweep—
In step with the marching of time
The unmeasured volume, vast and deep,

Moving in majesty sublime,
Would descend the escarp with grace
In a flow of dissolving gems,
'Though swift the leap o'er the rocky face,
E'en from brow to instep hems—

The rainbows, the dash and the roar,
A commingling of regnant power
With beauty of color, and the soar
Of the chant in its flight to the tower
Was the winging of grace alone;
Bearing from God's alembic, fine,
Full measure of rhythmic might and tone
Written on highest keynote line.

In the watchman's thought the decree
That the waters pass not the command;
That forever the mighty sea
In obedient bounds should stand,
Caused a silent and rev'rent poise,
In presence of the Majesty
Which stilleth the sweep and the noise
Of the tumult of people and sea.

Truth speaks from a watchtower high
Calming tempest-tossed waves of fear;
Love shines, a warm and flashing eye
From the summit of highest sphere,
A light o'er surging billows wild
Of human thought or angry sea,
That no wreck of any trusting child
In all His kingdom of light should be.

Deliberance and Thanksgiving

I

Christ was there, dear heart, on that rugged shore
Where, angry, the wild sea rolled in its might,
And o'er the deep blue sky, full-sailed and white,
Clouds, like hurried ships, scudded on before,
Till the wind dropped wing, and the mighty roar
Grew faint and fainter, and the sunset light
Was herald of fast on-coming of night,
And storm fled our hearts and the rugged shore ;
While tattered and torn the cloud-ships passed by,
Then vanished—were lost in the deep blue sky—
For Christ spake ; and was stilled the voice of fear ;
Gone forever, despair ! and hope pressed near !
God's wing was our refuge, as on we sped
To this fragrant marsh, by the salt sea fed.

II

Now the gray morning comes with rifts of light,
Threads of rose and blue all under the gray,
Spreading soft through the woof of break-of-day.
There's hush in our hearts in this morning light.
Christ's love is enfolding. His coming, bright,
Transfigures the dark ; 'tis glorified day !
'Cross the marshes' beauty we wind our way ;
With royal iris at left and at right.
And 'tis June, dear heart, and the pale, wild rose
With its subtle breath sweetens all the air ;

And all things are nestling, new life to bring.
Onward, the river of joy overflows,
Refreshing with hope, freeing thought from care,
And grateful our pæan of praise we sing.

The Victor's Voice

O burdened one,
Put by your tears and sorrow!
Life dieth not; put by your fears!
The Victor's voice rings down the years:
 "Eternal Life. Eternal!"
In the might of understanding rise
And know 'tis yours, the precious prize,
 Eternal Life! Eternal!

The Christ brings joy—
Awake and freedom's pinions try!
With Love and Power always nigh
The triumph song fills all the sky,
And lilies spring to kiss the feet
 And Christ is conqueror!
Twine roses sweet and sing of faith,
 And joy in its fruition;
The living Truth, the living Love
Reigns here and now, below, above,
 Eternal Good! Eternal!

The Bow of Peace

I

Ah, it was glorious, my heart, that day,
When all the winds were let loose on the hill,
And clouds the great sky-dome hastened to fill,
To stand up wrathful, as in vengeful fray;
Then, quick, serenely lighted with a ray
Of sheen about their edges, in a frill,
Bright, from the central sun on God's own hill;
For majestic Power ruled in love that day.
Oh, in smoky-silver curtains, how the rain
Swayed with the wind and flung its sheets of wet!
Its fury spent, the furrowed cheek of the hill
It kissed; and we knew, heart and I, again,
When the wondrous bow in the clouds was set,
That peace enfolded us, and all things, still.

II

Peace wraps the hill in mantle of soft light.
'Tis kin to fragrance; 'tis like unto rest
Granted after turmoil in the long quest
Of an anguished soul for heavenly light,
When darkness flees and comes a radiance bright.
Of all God's signs most beautiful and best,
From distant east the bow spans to the west,
And all the world's encompassed by His might,
Benignly mirrored in the ordered rays
From violet through the prism to the red.
'Tis precious promise from unchanging Mind,
Witness of Love's unforgetting tender ways.
"My Peace I give you," the great Master said.
The serene light of peace—to all mankind.

III

"Oh, wondrous day, when tempests all had fled
And over earth at first pale sunlight lay,
Quiet forerunner of a brighter ray.

And royal purple curtains wide were spread,
Then veiled by mists of soft and shad'wy red.
High circling over all, a shining way,
A bow of solvent gems of every ray

Of light and color from Love's hand had sped!
And this not all, for on that day my shroud,
Leather-darkness, fell heavy at my feet.

At first, all seemed, to me, but softly bright;
Then quick there was nor heaviness nor cloud,

For Christ had spoken in His accents sweet
And flashed the brightness of His coming—Light!

Olive's Garden

At foot of Olive's hill the Garden stays;

And in it stand the giant bronzed trees,

Scarred and furrowed; yet in the sunset breeze
Their crowns of tender leaves glint in the rays
That soon shall lose themselves in ev'ning's haze;

E'en now in homing flight the swallow sees
Her own dark wing a shadow lay on these.

Mayhap the bird has flown o'er distant ways,

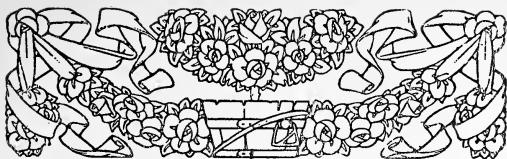
And 'neath the roof of leaves her quiet breast
May glint in soft white comfort in the night.

Above the mountain's brow appears a star;
To heart and mind comes consciousness of rest;
And shadowed earth and purple tinted light

Chord with the sacred notes in mem'ry's bar.

At Olive's foot

Here oftimes Jesus came with heavy heart,
 No friend a-near,
To touch with quick'ning words the springs of life,
 To waken cheer.
O cruel! blind! that mighty heart of love,
 Ineffable
To grieve, and force its blood, compassionate,
 In agony
To bead the brow; in the dark, alone, in
 Gethsemane;
To weight Him down with the sins of the world,
 Him who loved thee!
Who underwent the thorns, the cross, the death—
 Bore all the griefs—
Yet, He, thy Life, thy Lord, arose supreme!
 O Life, O Love, ineffable!
No voice so sweet, so tender as Thine own—
 So compassionate
It whispers now: "Come all ye weary ones,
 Ye heavy laden."



Easter Morning

Fair, like a maiden, Easter morn approaches
Adorned in robe all 'broidered with pale flowers;
With soft rose-tint of hyacinth it blusheth,
Or shimmereth in gold which early showers
And the sunlight have brought the gay daffodil;
And shy pansies gather at the foot in frill:
Like maiden cometh with joyous step and free,
With accelerating pace she draweth near,
And all about her an aureole we see—
Rays from the star of Hope shining white and clear—
Majestic singers come, joyous in her train,
And answering back in echoes from the hills,
"The Lord is Risen!" And the sacred anthem thrills!
With "Hosannah in the Highest!" for refrain.

Easter Anthem

The night was still in hush of silence holy,
And hast'ning angels o'er the Syrian plain,
In poise within the prescient quietude,
Diffused their rosy blossoms like the rain
That falleth softly on the waiting earth;
And fragrant dawn came in on quiet wing,
Awoke the sleeping earth with whispered thrills;
And kindled beauty, one with radiant Truth,
A pictured anthem lay on all the hills;
All Nature sang: "The Christ is risen, King!"
Light burst the bars! Let men and angels sing!

The Lilies

Lift up, lift up your heads, ye lilies white and pure;
Fit symbols of the Christ ye stately stand, and sure.
His an exalted beauty and grace beyond compare;
And ye are beauty's blossom, O ye lilies fair;
His life an everflowing stream of sweetness rare;
Your chalices of snow a precious fragrance bear.
O lilies, in your whiteness glistening and pure,
In bud, and growth, and flower, ye trust and ye adore.

Set free

Over zones of the earth wide floors of snow
And floors of knit fibers of gray-green sod.
When lo, there arrives a wonder! . . .
A breaking of windows, in Springtime mirth,
In the floors of the sod and the snow,
And daffodils prisoned no longer hide;
Cavalcades in their frills of gold out-ride,
And the heart sings out: "Tis the Eastertide!"

The Little Blue Violet

O little blue Violet,
Growing at the feet of a giant beech, in a quiet place,
Here thou waitest the sun's kiss
When night yieldeth to the morn!
Thou freshness, breath of Spring and grace!
In thy being is a meaning finer yet;
Thou little Violet, laughing in the rain,
So engaging one never can forget;
Thou art sunrise-song of sweetness,
Thou art innocence—Love-born.

Easter

We greet the Springtime morning fair,
And list the cadence of her song,
Enfolding what the heart holds dear,
What to new life and hope belong;
Blue violets, dancing daffodils,
About the happy footsteps throng.

The Easter lily's chalice spills
Her precious sweets; and robins sing
And free their throats in double trills;
Joy wakes anew when wakes the Spring.

Thoughts of Easter-Dawn

Flown is the purple stillness of the night
And speeds the dawn in robes of rose and light;
Sweet is the air, Love wakes the dormant flower,
Fragrance and singing birds enrich the hour;
Lilies of grace enlaureate the brow
While loyal pledge we give, inspired vow,
To Thee, the Christ enthroned, of friends the best,
Hope blossoms and fruition warms the breast.

Author of gladness, with Thy censer sweet
Spilling life's essence in flowers at the feet
Till the heart thrills at touch of Power divine
And thrills again to know that touch is Thine.
We joy that Thou, the Truth, hast always been
The Living-Christ: The Kingdom Thine, within.

Ascension Day

'Twas a finished work, triumphant,
That made the ascension day,
When Jesus reached the last outpost
Of that wondrous guiding way.
"Father forgive them" had been spoken;
The crown of thorns been set;
His "*lama sabachthani*" wailed;
The prophecies been met,—
For destroyed had been the "Temple";
In three days again been raised.
He had walked the path to Emmaus;
His disciples been amazed
When they knew the Master risen,
In the morning by the sea;
Where He blessed the bread and brake it
On the shore of Galilee.

He had taught them all the blessedness
Of obeying His command;
On the right side they had cast their nets
And abundance brought to land.
And their understanding blossomed
When He brake to them for food
The inmost meaning of the Scriptures,
The Spiritual good.

He bade them go, to ev'ry Nation,
Preach the gospel that makes free;
Promised greater things than He had done
In works that yet should be;

And to the band of followers
Still near their Master's side
The Holy Comforter He promised
To send them—to abide—
With uplifted hands He blessed them;
The clouds began to move
And His earthly garment vanished;
He was folded round with Love.

O'er the cross, the grave, all matter,
He ascendancy had won.
Not a wrong was left to conquer;
His all-saving work was done;
And awesome glory shone o'er Olivet
While the Father called the Son.

His Brightness

'Tis the coming of His brightness
Transfigures earth and me;
And the hush His glory bringeth
Is sweetest symphony.

For 'tis only scintillations
Of love that kindle light,
And 'tis always Love's outgoing
Its fount keeps sweet and white.

And 'tis singing at our service,
In lowly paths divine,
Life becomes a benediction
Dear Christ, like unto Thine.

The Precious Paths

Thou loving Christ, Thou Son of God,
Thou Savior of mankind,
Thy precious paths of other days
Men hasten far to find;
To roam the shores of Galilee;
'Midst olive-trees to wind.

How blue the sky! how fair the flowers!
How sweet the atmosphere
Where Thou did'st bid men come to Thee
As little children dear;
In trust and innocence to come,
Thy footsteps follow, near.

Dear Christ, Thou art now "lifted up;"
The heavens are full of Thee!
With burning hearts we know the Light
That shone in Galilee;
The healing truth of "God with us"
In gracious ministry.

Thou loving Christ, to Thee we come,
Thou Savior of mankind;
Thy warmth enfolds; Thy tender hands
Unclasp the chains that bind;
Thy precious paths are laid within;
They are not far to find.

To J. Semon

February 22, 1900

Again the festal time is come,
The gladdest of the year!
When skies are bright and hills are white
And firesides warm with cheer.
Thy natal day returns again,
And music fills the air;
For birds are gay as if 'twere May,
A-wooing ev'rywhere.

Within the modest wildwood buds,
In shades of varied hue,
Folded complete are flowers meet
To crown the Spring anew;
And subtile come the harbingers
Of nectar-laden June,
And touch the air with fragrance rare,
Like an old and favored tune.

O, happy time to come to earth,
When Hope mounts high and free!
With heart that's pure, strong to endure
And face the yet-to-be.
O, tall the stately palm lifts up
Its branches to the sun,
And spends its days in growing bays
For him who nobly won!

The Violet

(For your Birthday, 1902)

The precious fragrant violet
Tells of the Spring and thee;
Singing its song in forest shade—
Exquisite, royal, free.

In the quiet nooks of Nature,
Where shade and scrag abound,
And the thought of man is wanting,
The violet is found.

No flower in all God's kingdom
Richer in dainty grace;
Touching the heart with tenderness
From out its modest place.

And ever this fragrant blossom
The sad heart makes to sing;
Ever the message it sends forth
A sacred joy doth bring.

February 22, 1904

The birds are singing in the far Southland
Where the orange-blossoms blow ;
Tilting in the boughs of the myrtle tree,
Where the great magnolias grow :
And you are singing in the far Northland
'Midst billowy fields of snow ;
And making the giant forest tree
In golden robes to glow.
Your magic brush makes Summerland,
And the fairies come and go,
And balmy zephyrs lift the leaves
Where the fragrant beeches grow ;
Your thought goes witching thro' the trees
And smiles in a sunset glow.
Ah—happy you !

1912

A little song for the Master,
About things that are sweet to know,
And spring from the true heart's center;
Like the flower-buds 'neath the snow,
Packed full of color and fragrance,
Only waiting the time to blow;
So, often the sweets of friendship
Are hid away from outward show.
Just a loving touch for sorrow,
A smile for the face that is sad,
A brave word kindling to action
And making the soul of one glad.

To the Master of Wind Hill, 1915

Dear Master, with the searching heart,
The sensitive appeal,
The Mind that paints the blush of morn
Speaks in thee to reveal
All that is strong and lifted-up,
All grace that thou would'st feel.

Thy deepest thought? thy finest touch?
He whispers them to thee.
The flame of beauty in thy soul
That burneth to be free?
He kindles it with His own breath
And fans it lovingly.

The alchemist of life He is
And all the flow'rs of Spring
In overflowing chalices
To you their riches bring;
And birds have caught His sweetest notes
And come to you and sing.

February, 1918

And thou comest to me! kind, gentle and swift
In the far lone sky is a gleam, in a rift,
A light that is hope and it singeth to me
Of God who is Love and is Home, unto thee.

And now far removed from your sensitive heart
Are surges of grief and of pain the keen smart;
Now no clouds intervene, your vision is clear,
Love alone makes the wonderful atmosphere
Where Truth and where Beauty enthroned are on high,
Twin radiant suns, making luminous sky.

Unswerving and ardent, you drew from above
Perfect chords for your lyre, of Justice and Love;
Your forests are chanting in worshipful tone;
Your fields smile in dream-life where care is unknown;
Your sweetness of spirit and pureness of thought
Are color and tone, in your lyric inwrought.

Come oft to me, comrade, kind, gentle, and swift;
Mine eyes will reflect that far gleam in the rift,
A joy that thou dwellest where beauty is rife
And right is enthroned, in the kingdom of Life.

1919

A sacred Voice in inmost self
Spake wondrous words to thee;
 Familiar, loving words of grace,
 Of immortality.
That voice you heard amidst the trees
And oft within your heart
 Felt ev'ning's calm and morning's breeze
 That Spirit's grace impart.

Unfolding vistas grew more bright,
Work's future safe to thee;
 Work fitting for thy conscious power
 Of growth eternally.
Now satisfied, thy spirit thrills
With blissful energy.

The Soaring Years

How shall I sing of the fleeting years?

For me, from the fields of long ago,
Up out of the mists of cruel fears
They soared to far heights of Alpine snow;
Out of range the view, the ether cold,
The light and the blue, far, far away!
The lonesome longing may not be told;
The search for a dearer, warmer day.

Those heights became near and dear, with th' years!

Faded and dim the sorrows of earth!—
Lost in the flooded valley of tears—
And soul sang its hymn of glad new birth;
While on, and still on, the years soared high.
In those wider, purer fields, the sun
Had to itself all the space of sky,
And effulgent warmth in the soul begun.

No valleys, no warmth, no light of earth
Could lure again to that lower plane;
No bars, no limit, thought farther flung,
The summit of highest peak to gain.
The empyrean now, in softest blue,
Is closely folded about the heart;
And this great wide beautiful place is home,
Where the dearest friendships never part.

Merry Christmas

(A day with my brother James.)

In the far-off long-ago
There was a beautiful Christmas day,
And the eyes are moist, and they softly say,
"That wonderful long ago!"

And the billows of white rolled far and wide,
To horizon's rim that Christmastide,
A marvel pure and fair.
There was shout at dawn-break, "All is well!"
And a cloud of great, warm snowflakes fell
All day, through the silent air.

And our hearts were filled with joy,
There was fur-lined sleigh, as trim as could be,
Quite ample enough for him and for me,
And our hearts and all our joy.

And it smoothly slipped along
To the tune of the mellow sleighing bells,
An echo of all the harmonic swells
In the billowy way along.

"A Merry Christmas!" "Merry!"
Said the music, the snow and our hearts in tune,
With as loving a lilt as birds in June;
"A dear old Christmas!" "Merry!"

Night came in that long-ago,
And brightly the Holly enwreathed the wall,
Witching and merry the Mistletoe's call,
That evening long ago.

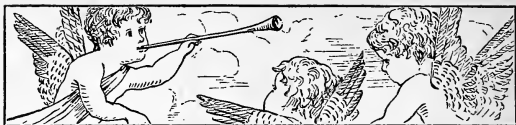
The Mistletoe bough hung high!
Its enchanting spell bro't roses sweet
To the cheeks of the maid with graces meet
For the stately minuet;
And glee notes rang thro' the festive hall—
The notes of the merry Mistletoe's call—
For the Mistletoe hung high,
And the Holly enwreathed the wall.

Merry Christmas on the wing!
For like birds came the flight of the years,
Swiftly, surely, with joys and with tears;
Christmas joys on peaceful wing!

Our trim little sleigh we had;
We slipped from the hollows to hilltops fair,
Each hand in each, and were ever aware
Of wealth in the other we had.

For we knew the Christmas King!
He was Love, the Ruler, in heart of each,
And trust and peace He reigned to teach;
The tender Christmas King!

Today, as in long ago,
Sweet bells, of the fifty jewelled years,
Ring clear, and the eyes are soft with tears,
For now, and for long ago.
That wonderful peace Christ brings to men
Is a benediction, now as then;
And the Mistletoe bough hangs high!
Still high the Christmas Holly!



*"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he
cometh shall find watching."*

Morning Prayer—Christmas Day

Father, I would be among the blessed
Who stand list'ning for the lightest footfall,
For the gentle knocking of the Master,
Girded and waiting through the night watches,
My lamp alight for the feet of any
Wayfarer belated in the marshes.
Serving, I would open the heart's portals
For the entrance of Him who giveth light ;
Who cometh bearing the cup of healing
And maketh me to sit at meat with Him.

familiar—Dear

God sent us not a strange New Year ;
It came familiar, ermine-clad,
Or bearing palms and roses glad,
For world-wide folks, a world-wide cheer—
Pan's pipes a-flute, and bells rang clear ;
With jollity and welcome mad.
It came a sturdy hope-filled lad,
Reliant, strong, and full of cheer,
And climbed to zenith. Now it wanes,
And Christmas festival is here ;
Each heart at home with well known things ;
For Love, the King familiar, reigns.
He crowns with joy the speeding year ;
To each His wealth of peace He brings.

Christmas

Softly the spheres of the universe turn
Bringing to climax the glorious year,
And good-will abounds and the Christ is here;
Each heart a censer sweet incense to burn—
Incense of love for which all alike, yearn.
For high, and for low, a chalice of cheer
Pours out the rich gift that crowneth the year—
Censer and chalice each pour in its turn.
Oh, beautiful Night; on Judah's far plain,
Resplendent in robes of purple and light,
And vibrant with joy when the Heralds sung,
To all open hearts, Christ cometh again,
And always 'tis sunburst of Christmas light
When love is serving and the peace-hymn sung.

O Christmas, blessed Christmas! thy joys have come
to stay;
The hand of Christ hath swept the harp of mortal mind
to-day.
The vibrant melody it makes accords with David's song
When on his harp he played for Saul, who rose re-
freshed and strong,
And loved the lad and song divine of healing ministry.
A harp redeemed, alone, can hymn that sweetest
melody,
The New Song, onward flowing as a thousand rivers
run;
The Christmas song of ages, in the heart by Christ
begun.



With their lighted candles watchmen happy stand;
"The Bright and Morning Star" shines over all the
land,
And bondage disappears, blindness and the night—
Lo, the dwelling of God's children is "The Light!"
Rejoice and shine, ye children, all enfolden
In the glory of the Father, warm and golden.
Gladness is sown for all, and light supernal;
Christ reigns—Immanuel! our Life Eternal!

Always, ere the old year passes,
Earth puts on her robe of snow;
And we list for angel voices
Out of clouds that swiftly go—
Silver clouds athwart the heavens
Out of which the wind doth blow.

All the air is full of music,
Voices singing, "Christ is here!"
Organ-voices, flutings tender,
Cymbals and the harp, so dear,
Make of Christ-day one glad anthem
Ere the going of the year.

Sweetness, light, and love-rich blessing,
Christ, the Truth, in heart and head,
All-pervading, quick'ning, reigning,
See! by Him the hosts are sped;
Little children, forward hast'ning,
By the King eternal led.

Sometimes an arrest holds in leash the thought
And Truth's golden ray in a gleam is caught,
And we touch the skirts with an awesome grace
While the hushed heart throbs in a cadence low;
Then large grows our concept; The dawn's aglow!
We vision a glory longed for, and sought—
The coming of Christ with the sunrise fraught.

So, out of the far fields, vast and bright,
A-gleam with the star-glow of Christmas light,
Thrills the Word compassionate, sweet and low,
For prophet and shepherd and Christ are met;
A waiting world's lashes with joy are wet,
For grace is poured out—frankincense and myrrh
In love the Most High overshadows her.



Oh! Rich and full, the golden Christmas bells—
And thought flies far to where the olive grows,
To poppy fields and wheat, to scraggy fells,
To Galilee, to Hermon in his snows.
There's glory in the sky, the pæan swells,
Christ comes in lowly robe; Love lifts Him high.
"The precious One! Redeemer!" sing the bells—
And to the waiting heart He cometh nigh.

In the land of oleanders,
Sweet acacia, waving reed,
On the slopes of snow-crowned Shasta,
In all lands, whate'er the creed,
Dawns the Christmas day triumphant;
Flow'ring of the Truth's own seed.

When is come the moment precious
That to some heart Christ is born,
Come in royal beauty's freshness
As the lily to adorn
With His affluence most gracious,
Then 'tis Holy Christmas morn.



Lo! in wide fields of heavenly blue the Christ-star rides
on high;
Light cannot fail, since Truth illumines the all-un-
bounded sky,
Its radiance a guide most sure through ev'ry tangled
way,
While Love, with Light, brings forth the rose to glad
each new-born day.
O holy Light! O precious Truth! Unfold and bear us
high
Above all fear, in joy and strength, o'erarched by lofty
sky.

Sweet bells of all the jeweled years
Ring clear with joy and soft with tears
E'en now, as long ago ;
That vital peace Christ brought to men
Is benediction now as then—
Chimes wing it 'cross the snow—
The Shepherd guards His flock at night,
Make glad the home with Christmas light—
With rose and mistletoe!



O still and waiting Christmas eve, the heralds fill the
sky ;
With silver notes their trumpets sing, Glory to God on
High !
O heart of man, awake and know the Christ, our King
is here ;
He reigns in stillness all supreme, and sorrows disappear.
The moors that stretched far on and on, in robes of
somber gray,
Are sweet with heather-bells in pink, 'neath Love's
transforming ray ;
And grateful hearts and heralds sing of His redeeming
light :
He lifts the veil, dispels the mist, and lo, there is no
night !

1916

The Christmas dawns in splendor East and West,
Though many in dark purple robes be drest,
For in the pain of heartbreak Christ is near
To whisper courage in the list'ning ear;
And over all that is, or e'er shall be,
Watcheth omniscient Love eternally;
So, twine we wreaths of precious immortelles,
And hear the song of peace in Christmas bells.

1917

Watch not, nor wait for dawn; 'tis always near,
And dawn of peace unfolds her colors clear,
Supreme in justice: in majestic praise,
The world, set free, its song of joy shall raise.

1918

Dear Friends, my ship is still sailing,
Still out o'er the ocean wide;
Her cargo does not seem heavy,
Her colors fly as we glide.

All the rocks and the furious gales
Long ago were met and passed,
Plots of wreckage sunk 'neath the waves,
My colors flew from the mast.

No craft o'er the ocean sailing
Could venture to train a gun
On a captain fol'wing orders
Of Him who has always won.

And glories flash in the dawns,
'Tis wonderful voyage now,
For the buoyant waves are laughing,
Cooling breezes soothe the brow.

I am in the Flying Squadron,
Fast speeding this Christmas Day,
With a wreath of lasting Friendship
I wish at your feet to lay.

Acknowledging Him

Author of life, or near, or far,
Whose radiance beameth in the star,
And o'er the ocean and the stream;
Whose spirit shineth in the gleam:
We feel Thee in our heart elate,
In pensive mood in ev'ry state,
Our springing thought to regulate.

The glorious ingathered fruits
Of Autumn, from the springtime roots,
In wealth of gold and crimson glow,
In all-pervasive, radiant flow,
And loveliness of beauty's beam
On forest floor and valley stream,
Of Thy effulgence is the gleam.

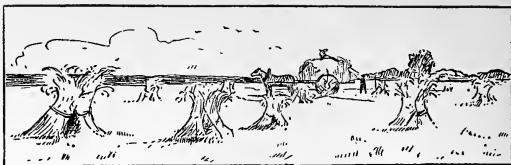
From Winter's sleep, from blushing rose,
From ev'ry bloom and fruit that grows,
The Autumn plucks a fragrance sweet,
Its censer's richness to complete;
Home gardens and the prairie blest
By incense from this yearly quest;
And dreams swarm in poetic mist.

We cannot curb our joy in Thee,
For in so glad eternity
Of beauty, flashing ever new,
In nightly star and fresh'ning dew,
In vernal bloom and summer sun,

And hallowed hour when day is done,
Most precious art Thou, and most near.

And in our dreams, by day or night,
Thou sendest messengers of light
To chide us when rebuke is best,
To wake the heart to burning zest
In search of Wisdom's precious gold,
Whose very nearness doth unfold
When trustful fellowship we hold.

All sweetness of each restful heart
Is of Thy love a very part,
All help bestowed on direst need
Is flower from Compassion's seed
Dropt in our heart from Thine own Hand;
And ev'ry grace, at Thy command,
Awaits Thine own, in ev'ry land.



Nanette

Straying far in the beautiful Southland,
Where the magnolia and the myrtle grow,
And the Cherokee roses climb and cling
To the fatherly trunks in affection,
Nanette lifted her eyes in seaward gaze;
In the hour when the wide constant twilight
Speaks of infinite things to the dreamer.

I was leisurely walking on the shore,
And paused to greet this lone dark-eyed stranger.
She had come from a magic land of hills
About whose feet each day spread shadows
And covered the crowns with mystic veiling.
She had loved the hills and moist tangled dells
Whose cool fern and flowers made haunts for fairies,
And where she often sought to be with them,
Her feet and song attuned to a glad rhythm
Under the rose of dawn flushing the glen,
While the song of the morning thrush echoed
An ecstasy, and soft-footed rabbits
Browsed the dew-wet herbage, leaping to fit
Places to wait awhile and return thanks.

This bit of Nature where her heart told her
Something joyous lived, like fairies waiting
To dance with her, or to perch near and sing,
Was "Glory" to her lonely orphaned heart.

Wary-eyes, gray-faced and old, said not true.
Her birthing was not in the brown-bark house
'Midst the sycamore trees in the foot-hills;
Not from her did she spring into being.
So she sang, on and on, almost in dream;
And I, list'ning, felt a strange warmth flowing
From her heart to mine, in touching appeal.
And she told with an infinite pathos
How Winchester, lover of truthtelling
Pointed to the night sky, where the stars shone,
And his words sang like the river hast'ning
To thirsty lands with refreshing water.
The Great Spirit dwelt there in the brightness;
The stars were His thoughts, and the white moonlight
His smile; and the thorn-tangles and high rocks
Were lost under the gleam of the shining.
Winchester was wonderful when his eyes
Looked into hers and his soul said, "Nanette,
I love you." Wary-eyes, so gray and old,
Could not fold his Nanette to her bosom
And say: "My child, with eyes of the wild doe,
Forever you'll fetch me the oak branches
To make coals; and dewberries for supper.
When a wee smiling nursling she stole you."

Next, taking her hand, they ran to the Glen;
And the redbird sang like a golden flute
While they found the basin the little stream
Leaped sparkling from between the rocks to fill.
Tall ferns unlocked their arms for them to pass;
The sun found op'nings behind them, and they
Saw their shadows, hand in hand, on the face
Of the blue water—still, glassy mirror—
And the songbird on a tall feath'ry plume
Swaying, singing a bar of melody,
Caught in its flight from the azure above,
Also was pictured on the blue water.
Then it was that Winchester folded
Her to himself, and they felt they were one.
With swift feet they sought the hill that rose high
"Above the treetops, and touching the sky;
There the pastor lived, close up to heaven."
They gave the promise, in the solemn words
"I will," each to each, and felt the sacred
Touch of the good man's hands when he blessed them.

They went forth and the world was beautiful!
And sweet the evening carol of the lark!
And each heart sang its joy to the other,
As the flowers and fern sang when the sun set.

"Nanette," said the husband, "all this glory
Is ours"—for Winchester's ear heard the voice
Of the Great Spirit, in the twilight hour,
Often. And they hast'ned on o'er the hills,

Far and away, and slept in "a shelter"
In the Valley. "These were God's days and ours."

Then followed the prairie-years, with far views,
And the tall rustling corn in sun-kist plumes;
A most sweet place of refuge, for the world
Was not there; only swaying harps of leaves—
The corn leaves, soft green with crimson tintings—
Making murmur-melody all sweetly,
Akin to spirit voices caroling.
Divine was that dwelling—home for the soul!

But joy and peace put on marching armor;
Fires swept over the prairie and they fled—
The flames swiftly pursuing their footsteps—
Winchester bearing high on his shoulder
Their little son, born 'midst the corn gardens;
For always the great expanse of billows
Was like stretches of garden and home.

But the fire-wind roared, and the ripe corn burned;
The flame swept the face of the little one
And scorched it; and, "Ah! God, drank up his breath."
Their steps took on the spirit of motion
And their flight became swift, like the eagle's.

At last they were beyond the blessed bar of oak trees,
Where they sat down and lifted up their woe
In a great silence of desolation.
They made him a soft bed of cool oak leaves;
"Covered him deep from the sorrows of earth."

"The face of my husband was shadow ;
He had no voice, 'twas locked in a silence ;
He had no motion, was still and heavy ;
Gave no heed to my voice—and he loved song ;
I took his hand—no return of pressure,
Then I cried to heaven ; 'O God, art thou fled ?'
My voice was full of the roar of the fire ;
It blazed to the top of the Universe.

"Then came an interval of Eternity.
Spirit was no longer housed in body,
But was carried in arms of sweet soothing,
And I heard the Shepherd's flute a-fluting,
'Rest thee, I'll never leave nor forsake thee ;'
And I begged, with oh ! such glad assurance,
'Speak to Winchester, that he move forward ;'
And the voice of the Shepherd touched me like
Music, but without words. Then I looked up
And the eyes of my husband were open ;
And he stretched his arms to me, and we wept."

While list'ning, her experience became mine.
Her tragedy, crowded with blazing glory,
Forced a rift in the mist-clouds surrounding
Eternal verities ; verities at our right hand—
The nearness of the All-Power and All-Love.
I took Nanette's hand, looked into her eyes,
Beautiful and dew-wet with memories ;
My heart and hers knit together as one.

Presently she said : "We must not linger."

They turned their steps away from the oak-lined
Bed of their son; from the oncoming waves
Of incense—breath from the devastated
Cornfields.

A wandering farm lad found them
And led the way to a homestead and food.
Soon they found their way to a great city.
“Ah! but that was desolate—Great City!
No two hearts seemed to beat in unison.”
They found labor. Spent the evenings in school
Where a “sweet-faced Deaconess” gave them lessons
Out of the “precious Bible” she gave them.

And, yet, their sky was filled with darksome clouds;
They remembered not the bright sunny days
Of the prairie; wrecked hopes were too vivid.

In time her heart stirred with a fearsome joy;
Then once again her arms were contented.
Soon the little daughter learned to open
Her eyes wide, and look smiling into theirs.
They called her Blossom, and they adored her.
She learned to prattle, and to speak to them,
And to chase the pale August butterflies.

“One day the demon-fire roared through our street.
A great wall fell; a bit of timber flew!
And our Blossom, our Beautiful, fell crushed.
Winchester helped me and I gathered her
Into the skirt of my gown and stood still;

And an angel came, 'twas the Deaconess.
While her heart of Pity looked from her eyes
She had no voice for words, but pressed our hands,
Cared for us; covered the grave with lilies;
But the Christ seemed far off, the heavens smoke,
'Though that angel, in her little bonnet
With its white ties, said: "Lo! I am with you."

Marvel not, but that noisy city was
Desolate as the grave to these two souls.
Neither of them had a voice while they ran,
Yes, ran from that great desolate city.
Pathos thrilled in Nanette's voice, when she said;
"Alas! We were blind and deaf and knew not
That the Shepherd had not forsaken us—
That while we stumbled on, His eye kept watch."

They roamed on, ever on, from State to State;
Earning a little, now here and now there—
Winchester's soul was proud and would only
Use what the sweat of his brow brought to him—
But there was no longer joy in the world,
The earth and the heavens brought forth smoke and
fire.

But the weary feet loved to tread forest
Paths, and feel the caress of soft, cool mosses.
And when Winchester's steps commenced to lag
She urged forward. Once amongst the wild hills
Of Tennessee they spent days in a hut
That hewers of walnut had left standing.

"One night I sat me down and wept for joy ;
It was so like home to have trees and flowers
And birds all about us, in the silence ;
And a beautiful fawn and its mother
Were so unafraid and came near to me
That my heart gave one glad leap that I was
Still worthy to be one with God's wild things."

But contentment was far from her husband,
So, after helping some workers hew out
Great walnut knots to be shipped across seas
And appear in beautiful "veneering,"
They took up, for her, their sorrowful march
And came into this sunkist flower-state,
And on to these shores where the palms grow tall.
The murmuring sea waves soothed Winchester,
And they began learning how to care for
Oranges—for a noble family—
"Till fire overtook us again, this time
Fire trailing through the veins of my husband ;
The flames filling his mind with a roaring.
From the cornfields, shot up great spires of fire,
Again seized the child folded in his arms.
His imaginings raged with the fever.
Oh! I know how Winchester never ceased
To mourn the first-born child given to us
In the beautiful prairie corn-gardens.
And I wept him ; but smiled when I thought of our
Blossom, the lilies and the Deaconess.

"At last the fury was spent, and he had
The little son on his knee, and a flame
Of glory lit his face and he shouted

'The burnished leaves glisten; the corn is ripe.'
Then, followed a silence that was comfort
To my soul; I said: 'O, at last he rests!'"

Now, I drew to the side of this woman,
Saying: "Flee the sad scenes, wing the free air."
She turned to me a strong, revealing face
From which, at that moment, a spiritual
Smile—light from a joyous intelligence—
Shone; telling me she had found her own home.
It was no longer in the wooded glen
Of material beauty and repose,
But was in the undying fertile fields
Of God's own Kingdom—"The Kingdom within"—
Of which the Christ is the unremitting
Serene Light—sweetly comfort-sustaining.

Humbly, I asked, "Nanette, show me the way;
By what ladder you climbed to the high heights?"

"Ah!" she said, "I went into the desert
Alone, to pray. The sky was full of clouds;
No moon, but I wandered in the night-time
Down to these palms, and the sea was booming.
The great waves climbed; the spray spilled on the
strand,

And I stood near, to feel its salt lashings,
Till I cried, 'Oh! God, Thou are not in this;
I can never find Thee in confusion;
My heart is weary and worn, I'm undone!
I *must* trust Thee! *Where is the way of Peace!*
And the Christ spoke to me, sweetly, plainly;
'I am with you alway;' 'Come near and rest.'
Then I knew that though I had deserted
He followed.
I came to know the Shepherd not only
Follows, He bends o'er us, is within us—
'Nearer than hands or feet'—is very Life."

She sat down beneath these high spreading tops,
Realized Divine Love encompassed her;
That all the strength and wisdom she needed
Awaited her. *She put her hand in His.*

"Months have passed, I learn slowly, but I know
That I can never be separated
From Christ—from serene joy—God is Life."

The next evening, at the sun's going down,
I sought her again on the quiet shore.
Her face was strong; illumined with resolve
Whose roots sprang from a glad consecration
To the teaching, and enfolding in arms
Of comfort, those who are alone, tenting
On a field of despair, o'erarched with night.

At our side the deep ocean, concealing
Its own vast secrets of self-containment,
Stretched wide and far ; linking to unknown shores ;
Its waves a harp whose liquid notes sang sweet.
We strolled beneath the palms. The ocean harp
Sung o'er and o'er its beautiful "God-speed."

We strayed farther inland ; faces of flowers
A-blush with the sunset-kiss sweetly smiled.
The air was a purple mist of sweet scent,
Where the hundreds of heliotrope blossoms
In stately mystery roamed at our feet.
The sunset sails of purple beckoned her
To fields over which floats the heavy mists
That will dissolve, revealing flowers and fruits
Everlasting. While her hand shall scatter
The seed, the dews from her garnered sweetness
Shall water and give color to the growth.

Nanette came into my life a surprise,
And remains a beautiful influence.

Symbols

The Cross, the Lilies, the Roses!
Ah, these the whole scheme discloses
In gleaming letters, engraven
In the secret place in my heart.

To bend 'neath the weight of sorrow,
All through to-day and to-morrow;
To feel all forsaken and lone
Standing still and facing the Cross.

Then summon the armor God-given,
In which noble souls have striven,
And breastplate of righteousness wear
And the gleaming sword of the Spirit.

On the highest height stands the Cross,
On its wide-stretching arms embossed
"Full glory is life sacrificial,"
Highest mission healing of sorrow.

The message how sweet and tender!
"Of the weak be strong defender."
So Christ's Cross stands up 'gainst the sky
Its radiant mission proclaiming.

Where rays from that life-giving Light
Illumine hearts in the midst of night,
Spring purity's flowers of lilies
In red soil of sacrifice rooted.

And roses whose chalices hold
Aroma more precious than gold;
The blush on their petals of velvet
A reflection of radiant life.

These flowers, the lilies and roses,
The book of the ages discloses,
Spring in profusion and sweetness
Where the dews of sacrifice fall.

Bitter tears, from pain and from loss;
Sweet triumph through bearing the Cross;
Then cometh grace, like the lilies,
And strength, like the joy in the roses.

Immediate Perception

Fast fleets the hour, the time draws near
When ev'ning shadows fall;
When garments of the night shall trail
In silence over all,
And waiting Nature lift her song
In Gothic temples fair,
Whose leafy arches tow'ring high
Touch broader fields of air.

All flowers from hilltop and from vale
Are in the melting gray
Of curtains folding softly o'er
The gates of closing day.
Dark comes apace, expectancy
Enlisteth all below,
Exhaustless ether spills its sweets
In affluence of flow;
In crimson sun full-orbed with awe,
In always pulsing sea,
In mystic calm of fields of space,
Man feels Eternity.

The gracious, mighty sea expands
A wide, upholding breast,
And gathers all its leaping waves
In one vast plain of rest;
The sparkling lights of sunshine hours
Are now a flowing gem,

An emerald-sapphire broadly flung
From priceless diadem.

A full and quiet beauty thrills
The soul, with proof sublime
Of One whose heart, and mind, and might,
Knows neither bound nor time,
But holds the stars in loving Hand
And foldeth man in Light—
The Holy City's glowing day
That never knoweth night.

In rhythmic pulsing in the West,
The sun, in majesty
Of burning crimson, flaming gold,
Proclaims, "Eternity!"
Then drops behind that jewelled wave
Of emerald-sapphire sea,
And in the heart that Word divine
Seals, Immortality.

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